553330

pdc

HORROR TALES

MAR
1972
60¢

ENTER THE TERRORAMA OF TOTAL SHOCK WITH THE

HAIRY BEAST

THE HORROR OF THE GRUESOME

WALLS OF FEAR

PLUS OTHER STRANGE TALES FROM WORLDS UNKNOWN

REWARD $11,750.00

FOR THIS COIN!

ILLUSTRATED: 1804 Silver Dollar. 19,000 Minted, only 12 accounted for—where are the rest?

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1971 catalogue lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half cent coins are worth up to $3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1971 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare coins. Send your order for this valuable coin catalogue now. Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for 1971 Coin Catalogue Book to Best Values Co., Dept. CWH-3 160 Amherst St., E. Orange, N.J. 07019

FOR CERTAIN COINS WE PAY UP TO: CERTAIN

Gold Coins Before 1929	$35,000.00
Nickels Before 1945	$16,000.00
Silver Dollars Before 1936	$11,750.00
Half Dollars Before 1947	$5,500.00
Pennies Before 1919	$4,800.00
Dimes Before 1946	$4,750.00
Quarters Before 1941	$4,500.00
Half Cents Before 1910	$3,500.00
Lincoln Pennies Before 1940	$250.00

Best Values Co., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

Rush your latest 1971 catalogue listing the actual price range you will pay for United States Coins listed in the catalogue. I enclose $1. plus 25c for postage and handling.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Your Money Will Be Refunded In Full If You Are Not Satisfied With This Catalog

ENJOY AN EXCITING, ROMANTIC IMPRESSIVE *LOOK* ANYTIME!

QUICK-CHANGE to suit your mood time: ALL THREE $6. MODOCRYLIC

Send for your Mustache, Sideburns and Van Dyke at once! Simply check the color you want or send a sample of your hair and leave the matching to our expert. MAIL COUPON NOW!

Adheres securely . . . off and on in seconds . . . can be worn as is or trimmed to just the style you want

To Order give hair color ☐ Blonde; ☐ Black; ☐ Light Brown; ☐ Medium Brown; ☐ Dark Brown; ☐ Grey; ☐ Silver; ☐ Auburn or send hair sample. ☐ **Mustache $2**; ☐ Deluxe Mustache $5; ☐ Sideburns $3; ☐ Deluxe Sideburns $5; ☐ Van Dyke $3; ☐ Deluxe Van Dyke $5; ☐ All Three $6; ☐ All Three Deluxe $10 (1 save $5)

Masculiner Co., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HEEL SAV'R TAPS SAVE MONEY & HEELS LAST LONGER — No Noise!

QUIET! Give satisfactory wear for one year. Only you will know you are wearing them. Outwears metal or plastic taps. No scuff, non-skid, will not slip or scratch. 3 pairs only $1.00 applied in seconds. Of tough plastic resilient rubber. Save up to $4 per year. For men, women & children. Put an end to worn down shabby heels.

Typical worn heel after 13 weeks.

Almost like new after 12 weeks.

3 Pair Only $1.00 plus 25c pstg. and hndlg.

SATSFY CO., Dept. CWH 3
222 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 10th Fl.

Send $1.00 plus 25c postage and handling for 3 pair.

Enclosed find $_____ send_____ men's pairs, _____ women's pairs, _____ children's pairs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

ONLY $1.00

Enter the WONDERFUL WORLD Of *AMAZING* LIVE

SEA-MONKEYS®

Own a BOWLFULL OF HAPPINESS — *Instant* PETS!

Just ADD WATER—that's ALL! In ONE SECOND your AMAZING Sea-Monkeys **actually** COME TO LIFE! Now, simply grow and enjoy the most adorable pets ever to bring smiles, laughter and fun into your home.

SO EAGER, TO PLEASE, THEY CAN EVEN BE TRAINED TO PERFORM TRICKS!

Always clowning around, these frolicsome pets swim, stunt and play games with each other. Because they are so full of tricks, you'll never tire of watching them. And raising Sea-Monkeys is so **easy** even a six-year old can do so without help.

Sea-Monkeys eat very little, and they keep their water so clean, they require only a minimum of care although they LOVE attention. Anyone who enjoys the company of pets will ADORE Sea-Monkeys. Best of all, we even show you how to teach them to obey your commands and do tricks like a pack of friendly trained seals. What a way to surprise all your friends.

FREE:

ONE-YEAR SUPPLY of Sea-Monkey GROWTH FOOD; A supply of LIVING PLASMA and a supply of WATER PURIFIER Formula. A magnificent fully-illustrated manual of Sea-Monkey Care, Raising, Training and Breeding: PLUS our Famous GROWTH GUARANTEE IN WRITING!

UNICORN HOUSE DEPT. CWC-3
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10010

IT SOUNDS GREAT! Please send my Sea-Monkey kit(s) and my FREE supplies and guarantee. I must be 100% satisfied or you will refund my money. I enclose $1.00 plus 30¢ shipping charges for each kit.

Send _____ kit(s) ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(No C.O.D.'s Please) Total amount enclosed $_____

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

☐ SUPER-RUSH ORDERS (50¢ extra)

Copyright © 1971 Transcience Corporation

HORROR TALES

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 1972 VOL. 4 NO. 2

THE HAIRY BEAST 4
Two men dared to defy a sacred legend and tore apart a curtain of superstition that revealed a shocking nightmare of horror. Aw, shut up and take a shave . . . You beast!

WALLS OF FEAR 13
Uncanny terrifying things came from the four walls in a tidal wave of bloody terror. Honest, I never touch the sauce. Ugh!

THE COTTINGLEY HAUNTS 22
A "chillorama" of ghosts that stopped long enough to be photographed and then caused a world wide furor. Ye-ech!

DEADMAN'S HAND 27
An eerie tale of a woman who killed her husband and became a victim of the deadman's hands. What's that? You want a towel to clean your bloody hands? . . .

THE VAMPIRE GHOULS 30
No one could escape the fangs that reached out to fill that empty feeling in the pit of its gurgling stomach. A skin-crawling shocker.

PULL UP A COFFIN 34
Your eyes will bulge with fear and sweat will pop out cold when the blade drops and heads roll. H-help!

DEATH OF AN ARTIST 39
Endless nightmares filled Paul's mind with ghoulish horrors until the dreams stopped and turned into reality. A scarifying bloody tale.

SATAN'S PLAYTHING 44
An unusual tale of an eerie little old peddler who sold toys—toys designed by Satan himself. A real chiller-diller.

CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

HORROR TALES IS PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY BY EERIE PUBLICATIONS, INC. 222 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ©COPYRIGHT 1971 UNDER UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS. SINGLE-COPY PRICE 60¢. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND-CLASS RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, N. Y. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THE HAIRY BEAST

DEADMAN'S HAND

WALLS OF FEAR

DOWN BROADWAY, THUNDERED THE ROARS OF KATUMBA, A CREATURE LONG SINCE DEAD! FOR TWO MEN HAD DARED DEFY SACRED LEGEND AND TORE ASIDE THE CURTAIN OF ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS! AND THE DOORS OF THE PRESENT WERE OPEN TO A MAN-MADE TERROR!

INSIDE THE HALL OF ODDITIES...

BLAST YOU, TRENT. YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING MONEY LIKE A FOOL! WE'RE BROKE!

THE PUBLIC IS TOO SMART TO BE FOOLED BY OUR FREAKS TODAY!

LOOK AT THIS TRIPE! MAN EATING PLANTS... WHO CARES ABOUT THAT STUFF NOW?

WE NEED A NEW SCHEME TO BILK THE PUBLIC!

WHY, THIS FAKED PAINTING OF KATUMBA GETS MORE ATTENTION THAN ALL OUR OTHER ODDITIES PUT TOGETHER!

TOO BAD THERE WASN'T REALLY A MONSTER OF MARTINIQUE... ONLY A FIGMENT OF OUR TWO IMAGINATIONS! AND A DARNED GOOD ONE!

THE MONSTER OF THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE... NATIVES SAY THIS BEAST STILL ROAMS THE ISLAND! THIS PAINTING MADE FROM DESCRIPTIONS OF EYE WITNESSES... BEHOLD... KATUMBA THE TERRIBLE!

CRANE... JUST SUPPOSE WE-- ER--"UNEARTH"-- THE PERFECTLY PRESERVED BODY OF THAT BRUTE ON MARTINIQUE?

AY, YES... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! YOU ARE A MASTER AT BUILDING REPLICAS OF BEASTS AND HUMANS!

YES! I'LL USE ACTUAL ELEPHANT BONES, REAL HAIR, WAX AND PLASTER! I'LL **MAKE** THE DEAD BODY OF KATUMBA, BURY IT AND THEN WE'LL "DISCOVER" IT!

TERRIFIC!

And SO A WEEK LATER THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SHOUT...

DAILY TIMES

ODDITY SEEKERS LEAVE FOR MARTINIQUE TO SEEK REMAINS OF LEGENDARY MONSTER!

DAYS LATER, IN MARTINIQUE...
THE NATIVES DIGGING FOR KATUMBA'S TOMB! I HOPE YOU TOLD THEM NOT TO MEDDLE ABOUT HERE!
HA! THEY WOULDN'T DARE BOTHER US!

A PERFECT JOB, EH?
GREAT! TONIGHT WE'LL BURY IT! IN THE MORNING WE'LL UNEARTH OUR DISCOVERY WITH THE NATIVES AS WITNESSES!

THAT EVENING, THE TERRIBLE LIFE-LIKE FORM IS LOWERED INTO ITS "GRAVE"!

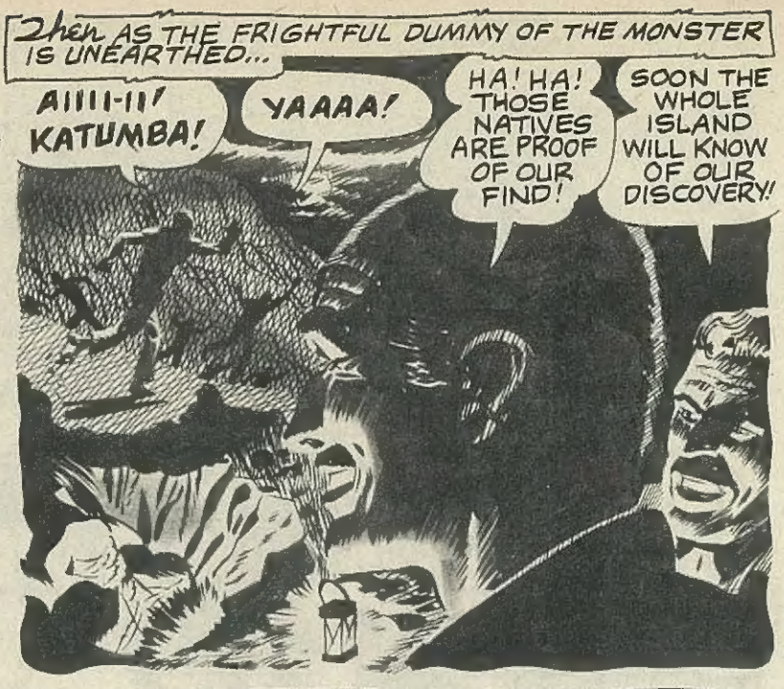
SUDDENLY, AS THE EXCAVATION IS RE-FILLED...
AAAAAAGHOOOOOOOO
G-GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?
THERE! ON THE LEDGE! QUICK! THE GUNS!

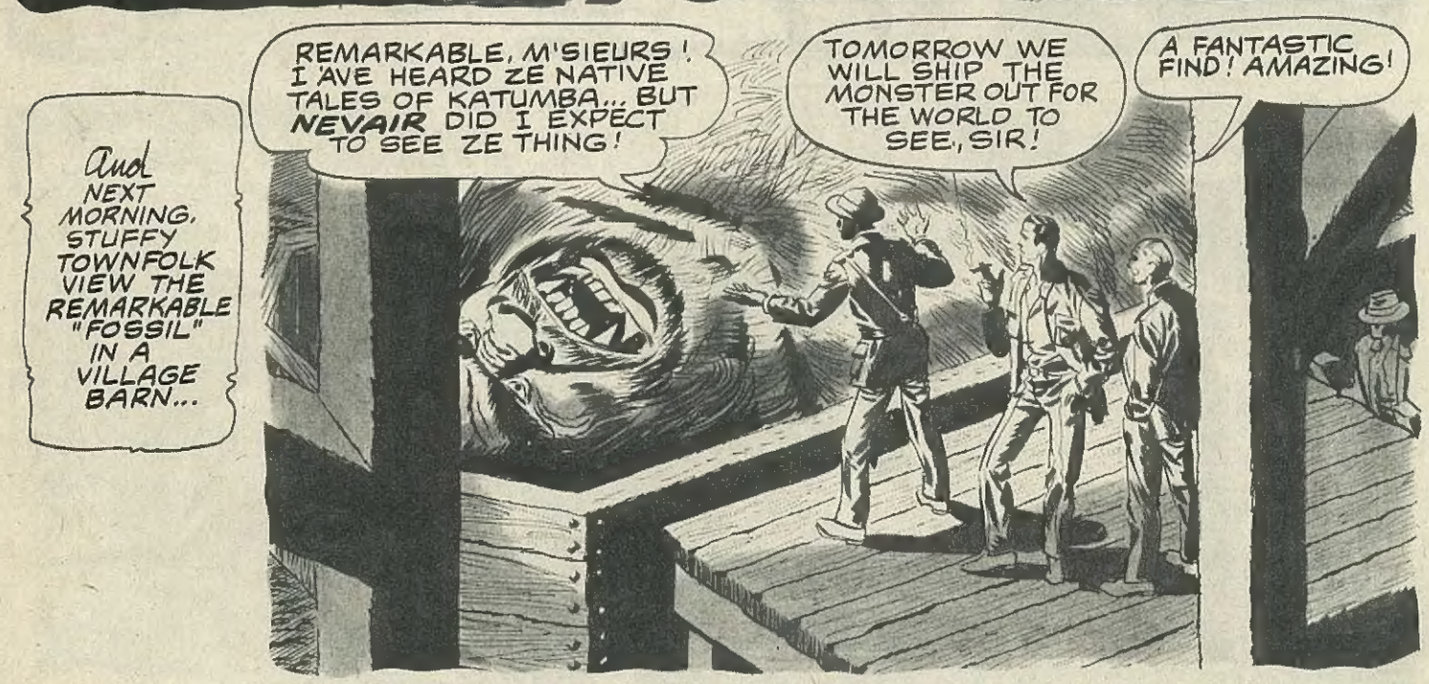
BEHIND US, CRANE! BEHIND US!
WHA...?
BAM BAM BAM BAM!!

YOU HAVE BROUGHT DOOM UPON US! THAT IS WHY THE MONSTER OF MARTINIQUE SHOWED HIS SHADOW! YOU MUST LEAVE!
NONSENSE! THAT WAS YOUR SHADOW WE SAW...

YOU HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO LIFE AGAIN...
SHUT UP! THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET! NOW... LET'S GET THE EXCAVATION GOING!
¡SOK!

SOON AFTERWARD, THE TERRIFIED NATIVES ARE FORCED TO DIG!
DIG! FASTER!
YIII! KATUMBA SEEK VENGEANCE AGAINST US ALL!
KEEP SHOOTING!


Then AS THE FRIGHTFUL DUMMY OF THE MONSTER IS UNEARTHED...
AIIII-II! KATUMBA!
YAAAA!
HA! HA! THOSE NATIVES ARE PROOF OF OUR FIND!
SOON THE WHOLE ISLAND WILL KNOW OF OUR DISCOVERY!


And NEXT MORNING, STUFFY TOWNFOLK VIEW THE REMARKABLE "FOSSIL" IN A VILLAGE BARN...
REMARKABLE, M'SIEURS! I 'AVE HEARD ZE NATIVE TALES OF KATUMBA... BUT NEVAIR DID I EXPECT TO SEE ZE THING!
TOMORROW WE WILL SHIP THE MONSTER OUT FOR THE WORLD TO SEE, SIR!
A FANTASTIC FIND! AMAZING!

WE'VE LET THEM VIEW THE CREATURE LONG ENOUGH, CRANE! YOU GUARD OUR MONSTER HERE IN THE BARN WHILE I STAY AT THE HOTEL!
OKAY, TRENT!

That NIGHT, AS THE MOON RISES, THE CREATURE STIRS...

And YES! THE THING OF WOOD, BONE AND PLASTER, HAS... LIFE!
YAHHHH!
EH? WHAT'S THAT?
CREEAAAKK!

YOU HAVE... DESECRATED MY TOMB... I MUST... HAVE VENGEANCE!
NO! NO! I-IT CAN'T BE! Y-YOU'RE NOT ALIVE!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, NICOLAS CRANE!
YAAA!

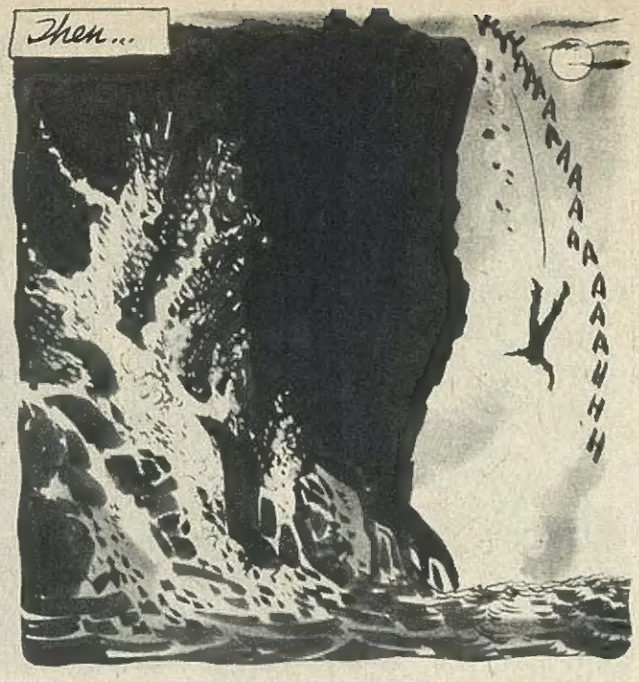
I--I CAN'T GET PAST HIM! HELP! HELP!
FOR CENTURIES I HAVE LAIN IN MY GRAVE UNDISTURBED BY MORTALS...

...HOW DARE YOU DEFILE MY REST?
Y!!!!!!!! I-I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

GO BACK! Y-YOU CAN'T BE THE REAL KATUMBA!

BUT THE LONG-DEAD BEAST CANNOT BE APPEASED!
BOOMTA BOOMTA BOOMTA BOOMTA!
KATUMBA HAS RETURNED! KATUMBA HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE!

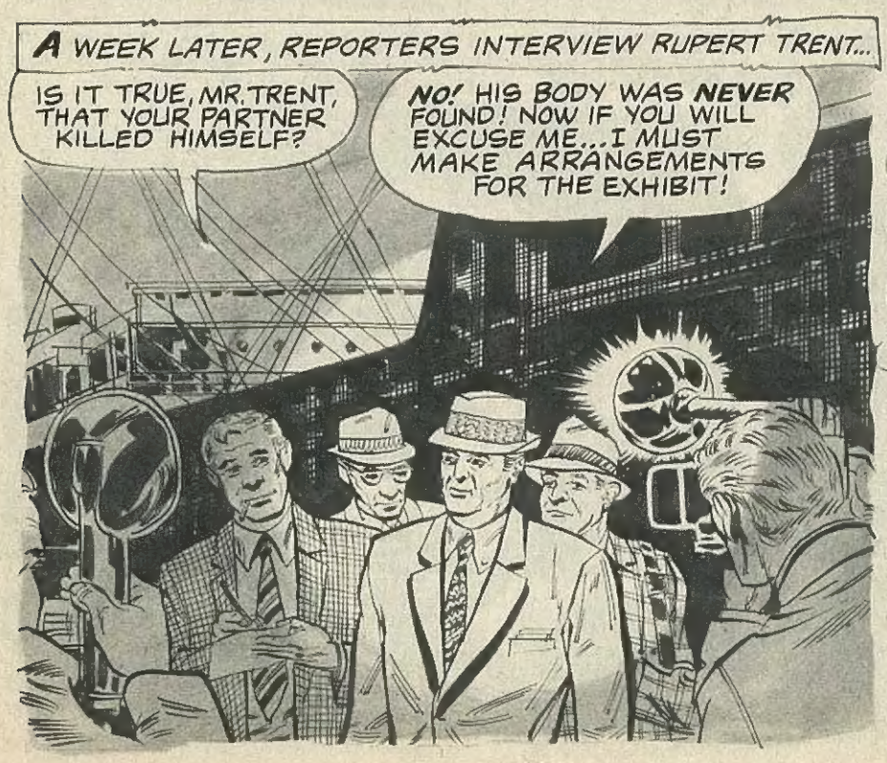
TRENT MADE YOU! YOU CAN'T BE REAL!


Then...
AAAAAAAAAAUHH

NEXT MORNING, AS RUPERT TRENT ARRIVES AT THE BARN...
WHERE IS MY PARTNER?
M'SIEU TRENT... ZEY SAY THE MONSTER DROVE M'SIEU CRANE INTO THE SEA! ZEY SAY ZEY SAW HIM DO EET FROM A CLIFF!

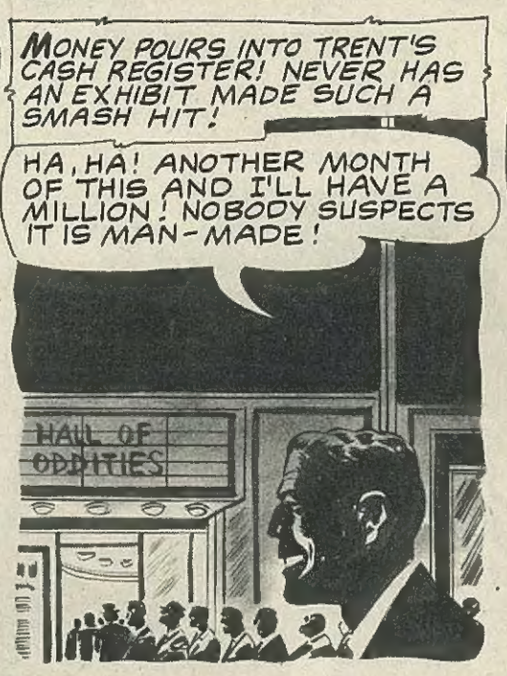
GOOD GRIEF! CRANE WOULD NEVER LEAVE OUR DISCOVERY UNGUARDED! HURRY, COMMISSIONER... WE MUST MAKE A SEARCH!
MAIS OUI, M'SIEUR!

HOURS LATER...
EET EES NO USE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN WASHED OUT TO SEA!
YES! POOR DEVIL! I WILL RETURN HOME ALONE WITH THE MONSTER!

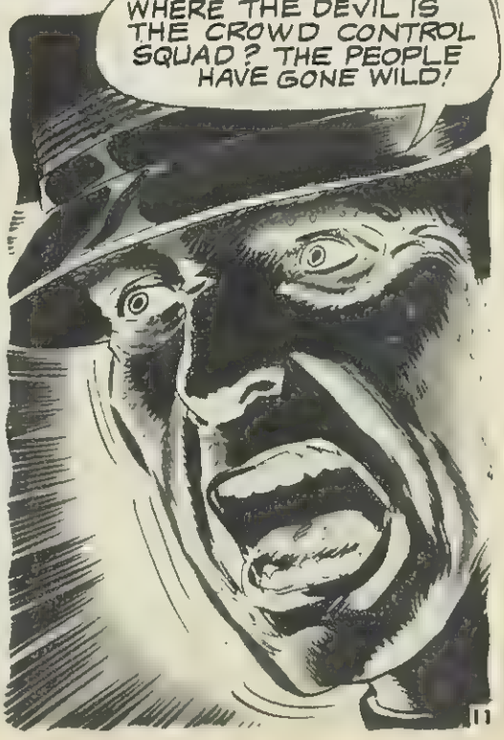

A WEEK LATER, REPORTERS INTERVIEW RUPERT TRENT...
IS IT TRUE, MR. TRENT, THAT YOUR PARTNER KILLED HIMSELF?
NO! HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND! NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME... I MUST MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE EXHIBIT!

NEXT DAY, AT THE HALL OF ODDITIES...
FIRST I MUST REMOVE THE MACHINERY THAT ENABLED ME TO OPERATE THE MONSTER AS A THING BACK FROM THE DEAD! NOW THAT I AM RID OF CRANE... THE PROFITS FROM THIS SHOW WILL BE ALL MINE!

And LATER... AS WIDE-EYED CROWDS PAY TO SEE KATUMBA...



PURE PANIC SEIZES THE FRAUDULENT PROMOTER! WIDE-EYED WITH TERROR HE FLEES INTO THE STREETS...



The STREET IS TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE AS POLICE FIRE ROUND AFTER ROUND AT THE FEARSOME MONSTROSITY!

ARRGGHHH!

SOMETHING'S SCREWY... IT... IT'S CRACKING!

LOOK OUT! IT'S FALLING!

RAATATATATAT AI-RATTAT

RATATATAT RRATATA

BAM!!! BAM BAM!!!

RATATATATATATATA BAK BAM!

THEN...

OH-H-H!

THERE'S A MAN INSIDE! THE MECHANICAL INNARDS BLOCKED MOST OF OUR BULLETS...

WHA...? THAT'S NICOLAS CRANE... TRENT'S PARTNER!

T-TRENT TRICKED ME.. HE BUILT MACHINERY IN OUR FAKE MONSTER... MADE IT OPERATE TO DRIVE ME MAD! I REPLACED THE MACHINERY TO SEEK VENGEANCE BY... DRIVING HIM MAD WITH HIS OWN TREACHERY...

MR. CRANE, WHY DID YOU LET EVERYONE THINK YOU WERE DEAD?

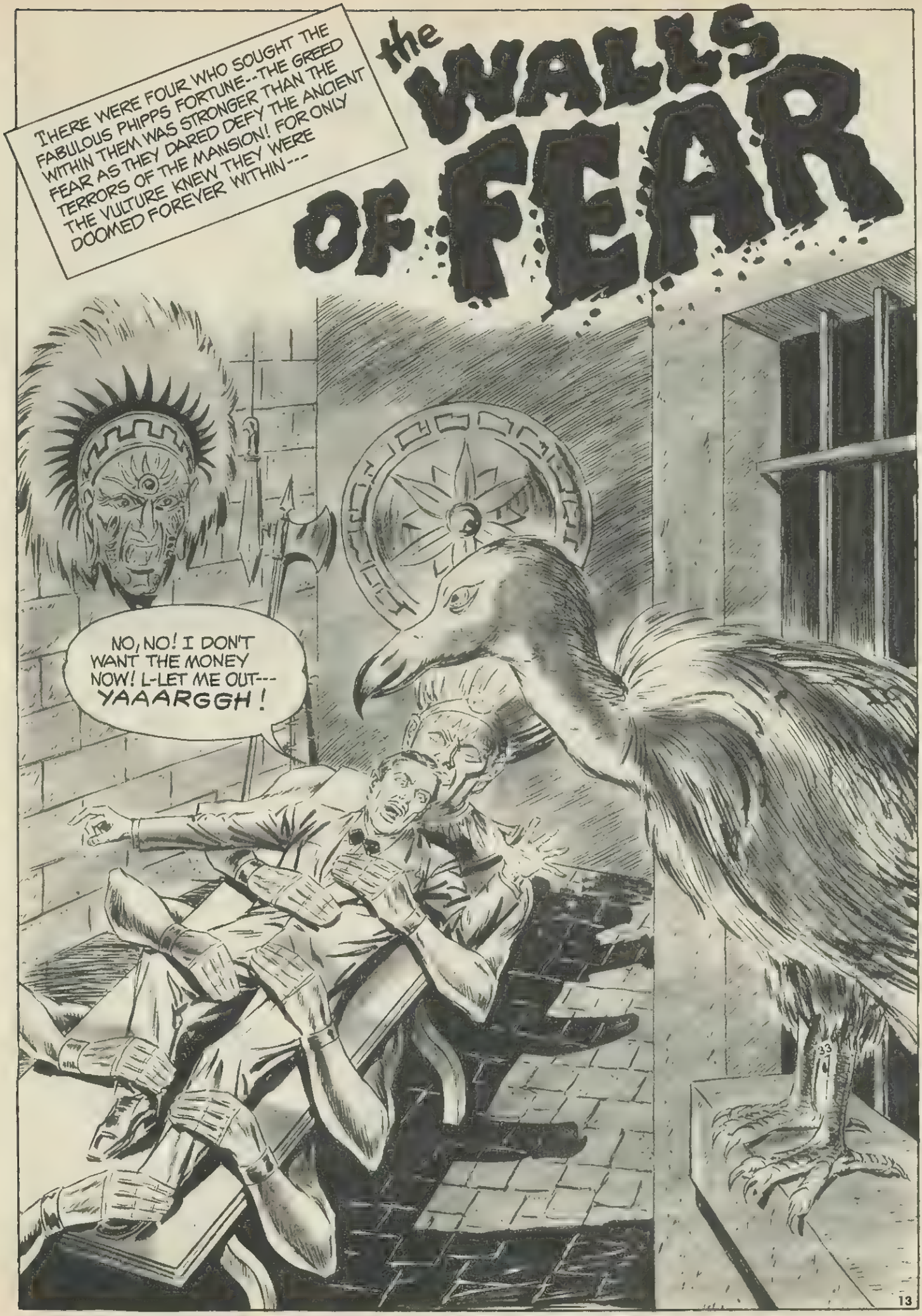
NATIVE WITCH DOCTOR NURSED ME BACK TO HEALTH... EXPLAINED HE HAD FAKED A STORY OF A REAL MONSTER OF MARTINIQUE TO SCARE TOURISTS AWAY... AH-HH!

HE'S... DEAD!

HE CAME BACK TO LIFE... BECAUSE I TAMPERED WITH THE DEAD... HE WILL ALWAYS HAUNT ME NOW! I'M LOST... LOST...

THIS IS YOUR ROVING REPORTER ... SHOW BIZ CROOKS CROSS EACH OTHER WITH A PHONY MONSTER THAT FOOLED THE EXPERTS... LISTEN LATER FOR FURTHER DETAILS!

THE END

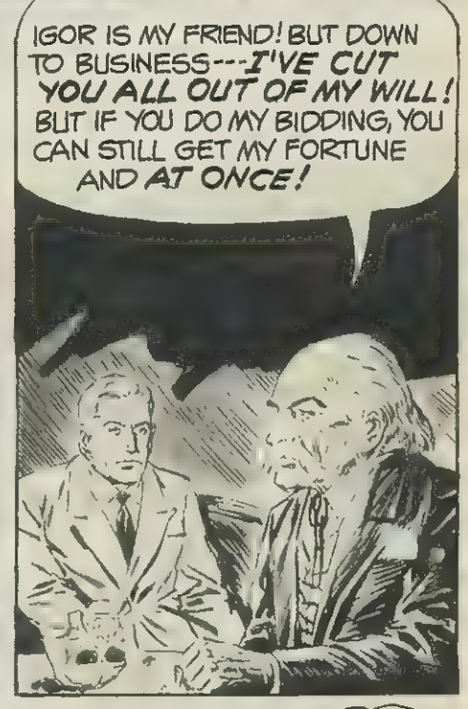

the WALLS OF FEAR
THERE WERE FOUR WHO SOUGHT THE FABULOUS PHIPPS FORTUNE--THE GREED WITHIN THEM WAS STRONGER THAN THE FEAR AS THEY DARED DEFY THE ANCIENT TERRORS OF THE MANSION! FOR ONLY THE VULTURE KNEW THEY WERE DOOMED FOREVER WITHIN---
NO, NO! I DON'T WANT THE MONEY NOW! L-LET ME OUT--- YAAARGGH!

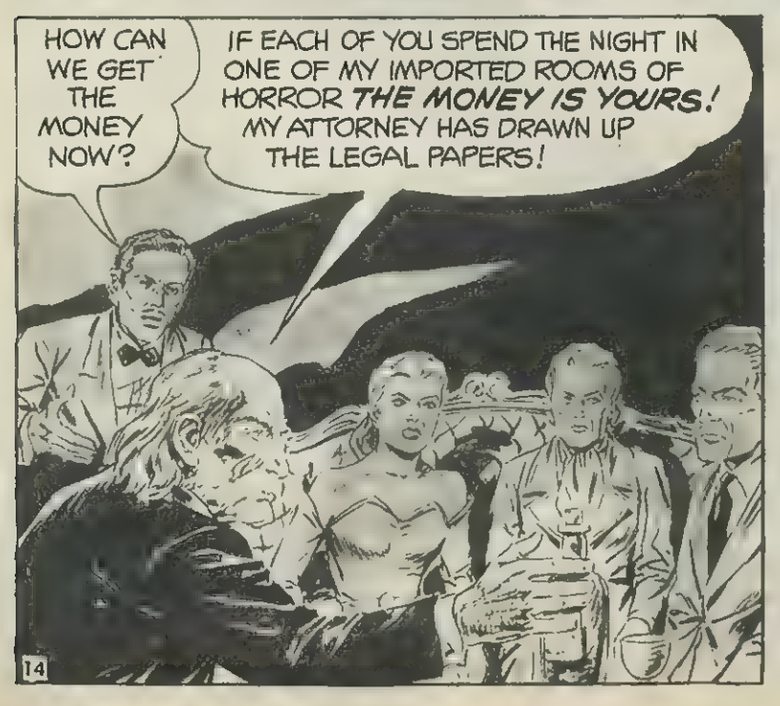
FOUR TENSE PEOPLE DRIVE TO A STRANGE MANSION DEEP IN THE BOGS!
THE FAMOUS PHIPPS MANSION! WHAT DOES OUR UNCLE WANT US HERE FOR, HARRY?
YES--- WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT HIS PROBLEM WAS WHEN YOU VISITED HIM LAST?

I DON'T KNOW! HE SAID IT WAS URGENT!
THE OLD FOOL! HE'S THROWN HALF HIS FORTUNE AWAY IMPORTING THOSE ROOMS OF HORROR HE LIVES IN!

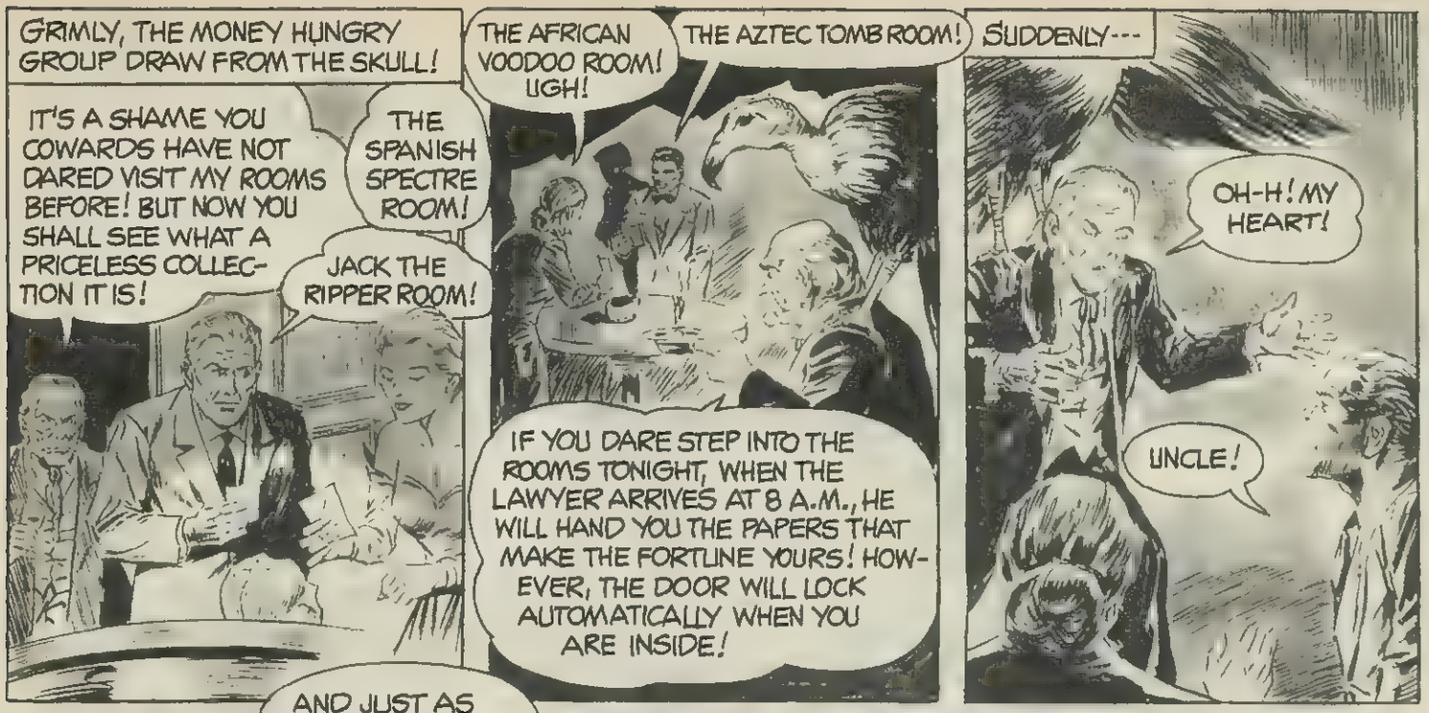
A GNARLED OLD MAN GREETS THE UNHAPPY VISITORS!
AH, MY CHARMING NEPHEWS AND NIECES! COME IN! COME IN!

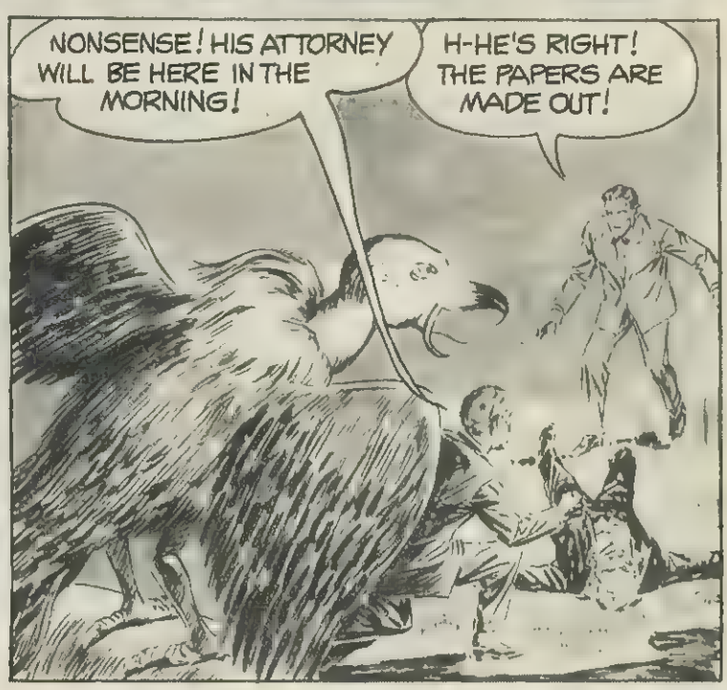
SARA, CANDY-- CAN SIT HERE! I'M SURE IGOR WILL LIKE YOUR COMPANY!
THAT, LOATHESOME CREATURE!


IGOR IS MY FRIEND! BUT DOWN TO BUSINESS---I'VE CUT YOU ALL OUT OF MY WILL! BUT IF YOU DO MY BIDDING, YOU CAN STILL GET MY FORTUNE AND AT ONCE!

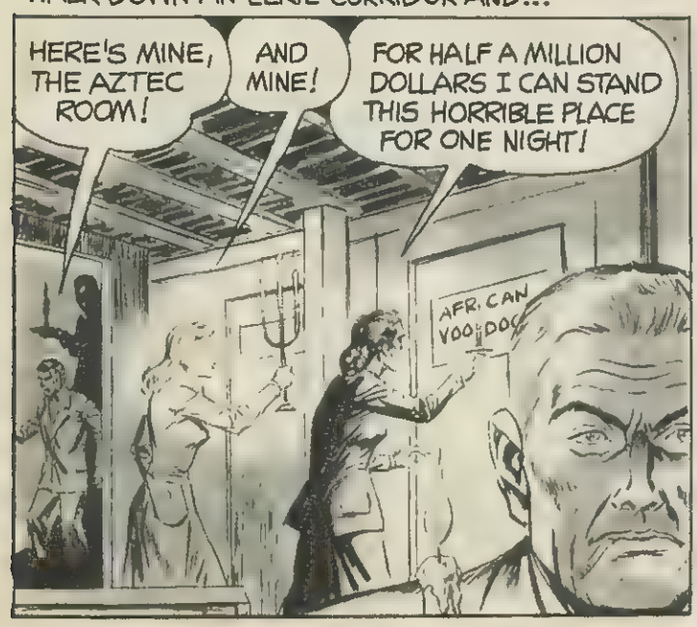

HOW CAN WE GET THE MONEY NOW?
IF EACH OF YOU SPEND THE NIGHT IN ONE OF MY IMPORTED ROOMS OF HORROR THE MONEY IS YOURS! MY ATTORNEY HAS DRAWN UP THE LEGAL PAPERS!

YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF THE FORTUNE I WON BY DEFYING DEATH, DANGER AND HORROR IN THE WORLD! NOW DRAW YOUR ROOMS AND SLEEP IN IT IF YOU WANT MY RICHES!
OLD NUT!





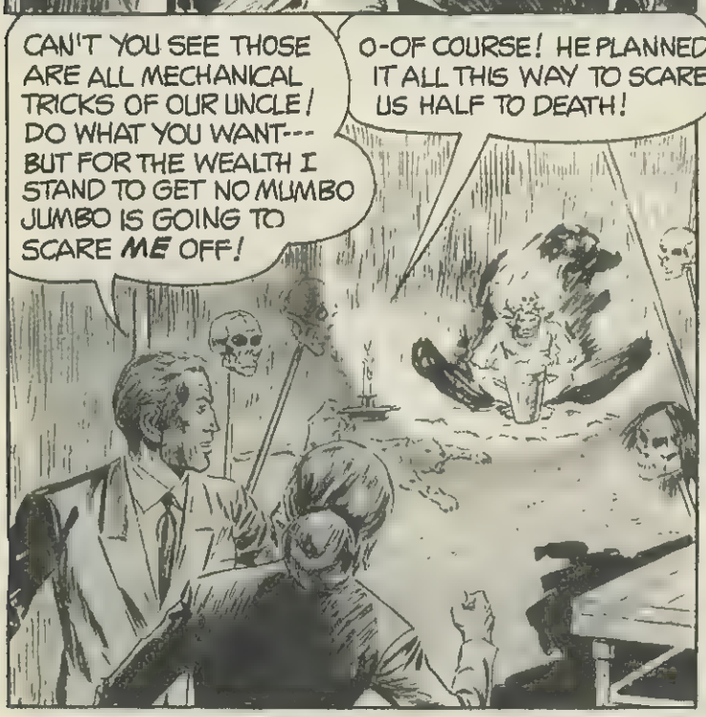
A MOMENT LATER THE FOUR FORTUNE SEEKERS WALK DOWN AN EERIE CORRIDOR AND...

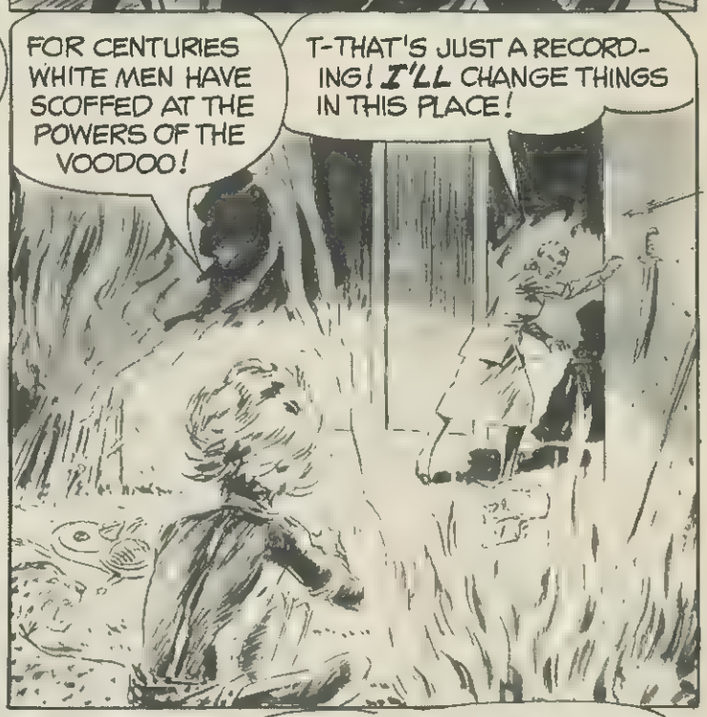


SUDDENLY, AS SARA PHIPPS ENTERS HER ROOM OF HORROR!

ENTER, STRANGER! ENTER THE WORLD OF VOODOO! LEARN THE MYSTERIES OF A WORLD BEYOND!

I-IT'S TERRIBLE! THERE ARE LIVE THINGS IN THERE---VOICES!
SARA! DON'T BE A FOOL!


CAN'T YOU SEE THOSE ARE ALL MECHANICAL TRICKS OF OUR UNCLE! DO WHAT YOU WANT--- BUT FOR THE WEALTH I STAND TO GET NO MUMBO JUMBO IS GOING TO SCARE ME OFF!
O-OF COURSE! HE PLANNED IT ALL THIS WAY TO SCARE US HALF TO DEATH!


FOR CENTURIES WHITE MEN HAVE SCOFFED AT THE POWERS OF THE VOODOO!
T-THAT'S JUST A RECORDING! I'LL CHANGE THINGS IN THIS PLACE!

THERE--HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR SOME TWENTIETH CENTURY VOODOO?

BUT SARA CANNOT STOP THE CHANT OF THE WITCH DOCTOR'S VOICE---
THOSE WHO SCORN THE MIGHTY WITCH DOCTOR ARE DOOMED TO DIE HERE!
T-THAT VOICE! H-HOW CAN I STOP IT! I-I CAN'T STAND IT!

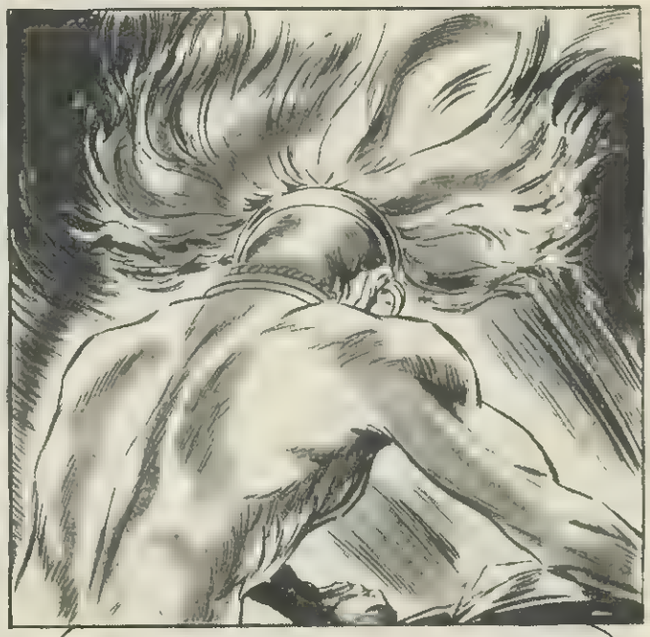
WAX FROM THE CANDLE! I'LL--SHUT OUT THAT TERRIBLE SOUND ONCE AND FOR ALL!

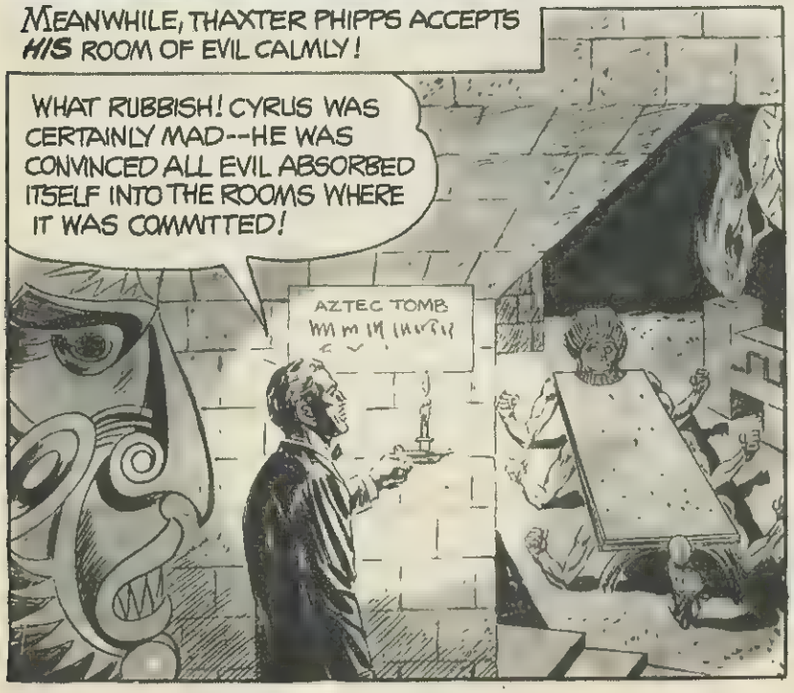
DEAFENED TO THE SOUNDS OF EVIL, SARA RELAXES...AND FROM THE SHADOWS A FIGURE STEPS FORTH!
W-WHAT'S THAT?

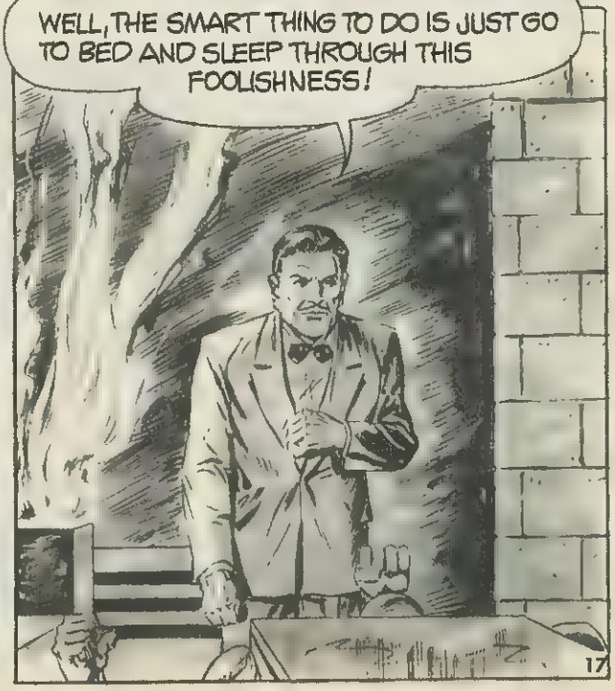
A-ANOTHER MECHANICAL THING! I'LL--- JUST KEEP AWAY FROM IT!

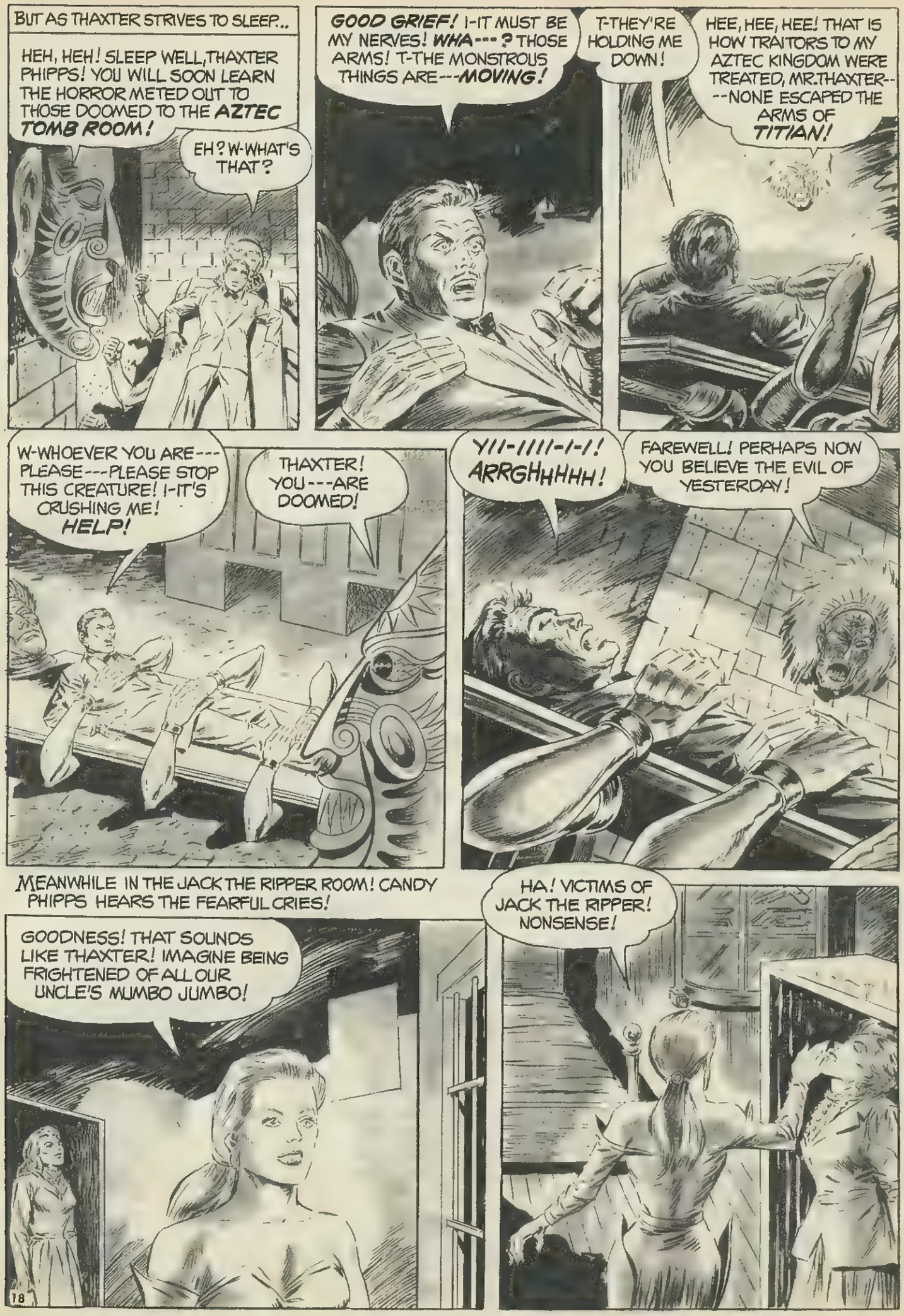
I--IT'S FOLLOWING ME! BUT HOW---? IT'S---JUST A MECHANICAL THING!

THEN!
FLESH! EEEEEE IT'S ALIVE!


NATIVE STEEL GLEAMS IN THE CANDLELIGHT! THE EXECUTIONER'S SWORD IS RAISED--AND FALLS!


MEANWHILE, THAXTER PHIPPS ACCEPTS HIS ROOM OF EVIL CALMLY!
WHAT RUBBISH! CYRUS WAS CERTAINLY MAD--HE WAS CONVINCED ALL EVIL ABSORBED ITSELF INTO THE ROOMS WHERE IT WAS COMMITTED!
AZTEC TOMB


WELL, THE SMART THING TO DO IS JUST GO TO BED AND SLEEP THROUGH THIS FOOLISHNESS!


BUT AS THAXTER STRIVES TO SLEEP...
HEH, HEH! SLEEP WELL, THAXTER PHIPPS! YOU WILL SOON LEARN THE HORROR METED OUT TO THOSE DOOMED TO THE AZTEC TOMB ROOM!
EH? W-WHAT'S THAT?
GOOD GRIEF! I-IT MUST BE MY NERVES! WHA---? THOSE ARMS! T-THE MONSTROUS THINGS ARE---MOVING!
T-THEY'RE HOLDING ME DOWN!
HEE, HEE, HEE! THAT IS HOW TRAITORS TO MY AZTEC KINGDOM WERE TREATED, MR. THAXTER---NONE ESCAPED THE ARMS OF TITIAN!
W-WHOEVER YOU ARE---PLEASE---PLEASE STOP THIS CREATURE! I-IT'S CRUSHING ME! HELP!
THAXTER! YOU---ARE DOOMED!
YII-IIII-I-I! ARRGHHHHH!
FAREWELL! PERHAPS NOW YOU BELIEVE THE EVIL OF YESTERDAY!
MEANWHILE IN THE JACK THE RIPPER ROOM! CANDY PHIPPS HEARS THE FEARFUL CRIES!
GOODNESS! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THAXTER! IMAGINE BEING FRIGHTENED OF ALL OUR UNCLE'S MUMBO JUMBO!
HA! VICTIMS OF JACK THE RIPPER! NONSENSE!

WELL, JUST ONE NIGHT IN THIS PLACE AND MY FINANCIAL WORRIES WILL BE OVER! TA TE DUM DUM!

BUT SOFT FOOTSTEPS FALL BEHIND THE GLAMOROUS CANDY! A HOT BREATH SEARS HER NECK AND--

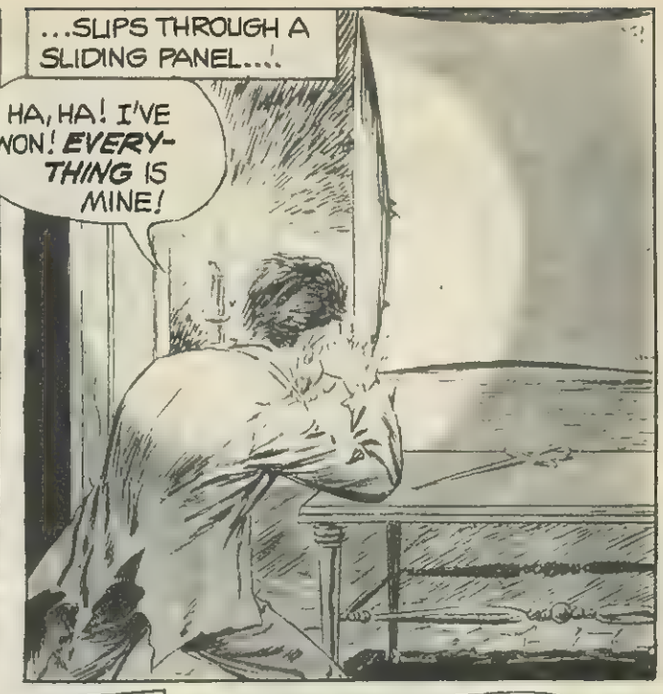
W-WHO ARE YOU?

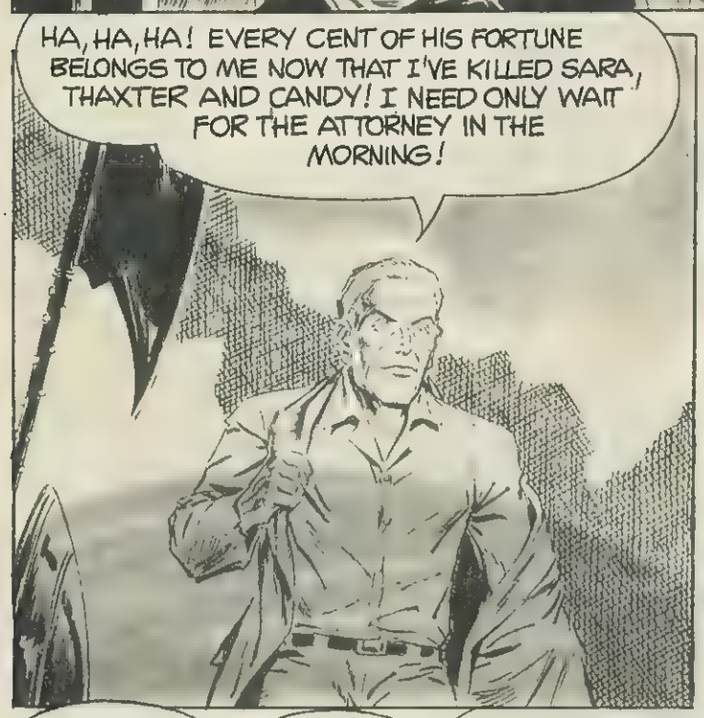
...JACK, THE RIPPER! AND NOW---

YOU! JACK, THE RIPPER! T-THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! LET ME OUT!

ONE MORE VICTIM ADDED TO THE MACABRE COLLECTION OF JACK, THE RIPPER!

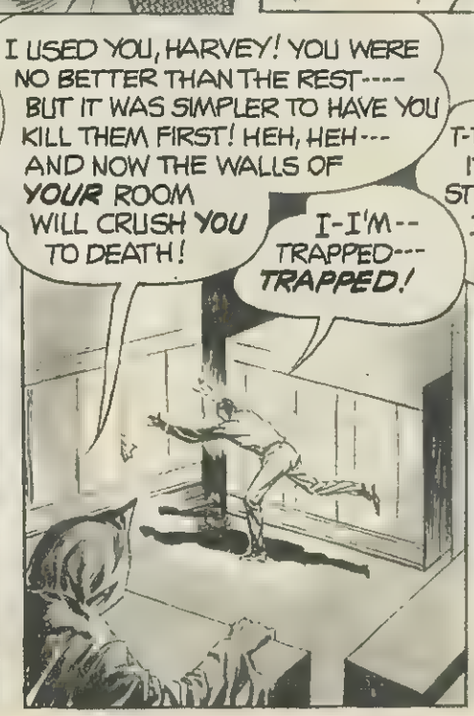
THEN, THE MURDER MONSTER FROM THE PAST STALKS TO THE WALL AND...

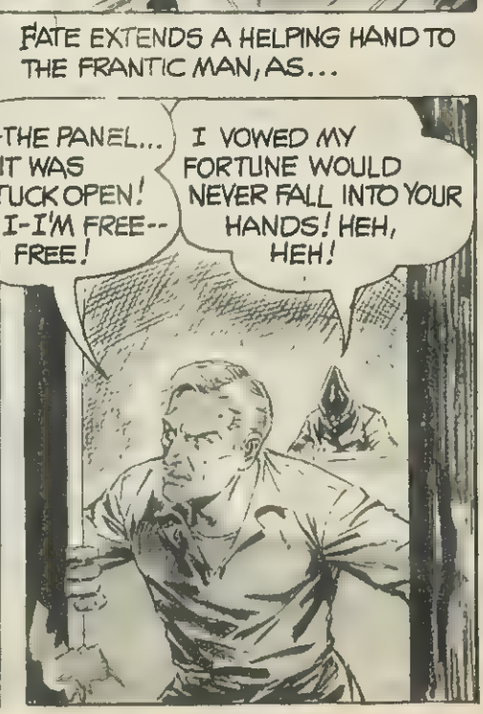

...SLIPS THROUGH A SLIDING PANEL....
HA, HA! I'VE WON! EVERY-THING IS MINE!


HA, HA, HA! EVERY CENT OF HIS FORTUNE BELONGS TO ME NOW THAT I'VE KILLED SARA, THAXTER AND CANDY! I NEED ONLY WAIT FOR THE ATTORNEY IN THE MORNING!

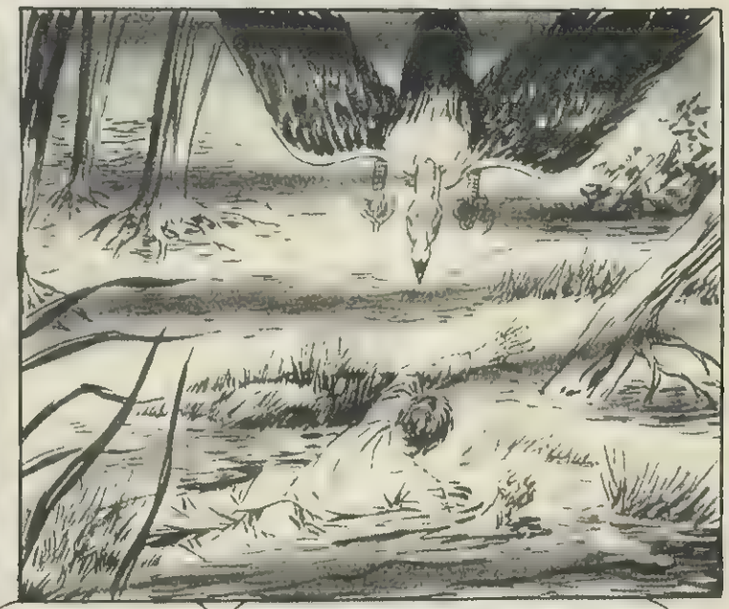
SUDDENLY...
EH, WHAT'S THAT? YIPE!

YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU LIVE, DID YOU HARVEY! HEH, HEH! NO INDEED!
T-THAT VOICE! I-IT'S UNCLE'S -- HE'S BETRAYED ME!

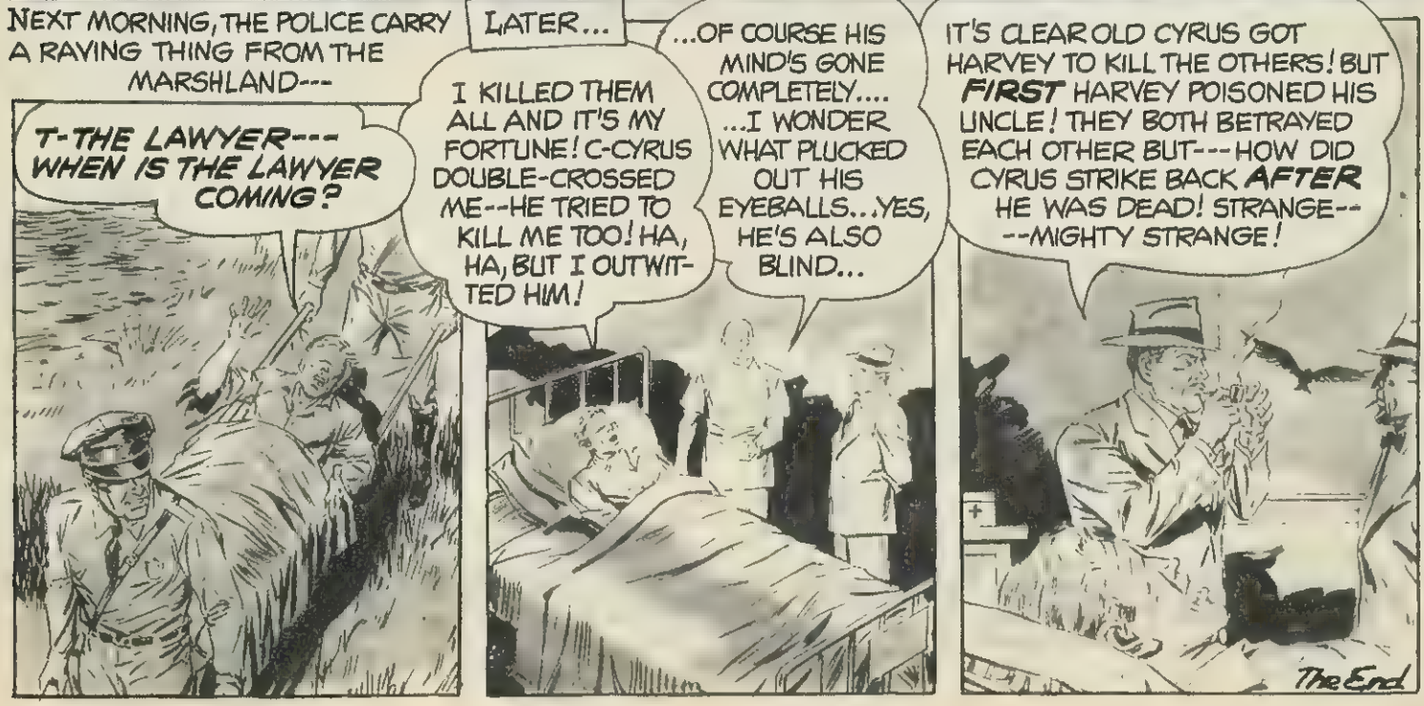

I USED YOU, HARVEY! YOU WERE NO BETTER THAN THE REST---- BUT IT WAS SIMPLER TO HAVE YOU KILL THEM FIRST! HEH, HEH--- AND NOW THE WALLS OF YOUR ROOM WILL CRUSH YOU TO DEATH!
I-I'M-- TRAPPED--- TRAPPED!


FATE EXTENDS A HELPING HAND TO THE FRANTIC MAN, AS...
T-THE PANEL... IT WAS STUCK OPEN! I-I'M FREE-- FREE!
I VOWED MY FORTUNE WOULD NEVER FALL INTO YOUR HANDS! HEH, HEH!

PANIC AND FATIGUE DRAIN THE STRENGTH FROM HARVEY PHIPPS! HE STAGGERS---FALLS AND THE SHRIEKING VULTURE SWOOPS DOWN!



NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE CARRY A RAVING THING FROM THE MARSHLAND---



■ DURING THE SUMMER OF 1917 two little girls spent most of their school holidays playing together in a natural glen beyond a shallow stream, at the back of their cottage in Cottingley village, in Yorkshire, England.

The older girl, Elsie Wright, was thirteen years old; her cousin, Frances Griffiths, was ten. Frances and her mother were staying at the Wright's home. Mr. Griffiths was with a South African contingent serving in France.

The two girls spent so much of their time in the glen, a natural glade among scrub and thicket which gradually thinned out to the moors, that the parents of the older girl used to chaff them, asking what they found so interesting in the glen that it made them late for meals.

"Why because of the fairies!" Elsie would reply, and Frances would affirm eagerly that they saw them frequently, and that sometimes they played with them.

The parents smiled indulgently and told the children it was delightful nonsense, but that fairies, of course, did not exist outside story books. This viewpoint was refuted with vehemence by both girls, who declared that the little people in the glen were quite as real as their parents, the cottage in which they lived, and the girls themselves.

But their elders still chaffed them; complimented them on the possession of vivid imaginations and asked them not to let their make-believe friends keep them so late for meals.

One warm and sunny Saturday afternoon, after some cheerfully persistent bantering from Mr. Wright throughout their midday meal, his daughter made the suggestion which was to lead to world-wide repercussions. It came out in a fit of childish indignation.

"All right, then," little Elsie stamped her foot in vexation "you lend me your camera and I'll take some photographs and prove our fairies are real."

It was true that Mr. Wright possessed a camera—a much rarer possession in those days than at present—but it was an unwieldly Midg quarter-plate, left with him some years previoulsy by a half forgotten friend. Sometimes he amused himself by taking pictures and developing them in the kitchen cupboard. He laughed the suggestion off.

But his daughter was not so easily disheartened. "We've been playing with the fairies all morning, Daddy," she said. "If you'll just show me how the camera works we'll get some pictures for you." The girls were persistent. Mr. Wright was beginning to feel a little more interest than he cared to show. "All right," he said. "If it will keep you quiet."

He loaded a plate into the camera, set the speed and lens aperture, explained how to use the shutter release, and laughingly advised the best distance at which they should pose their fairy subjects. The children took the camera and ran off, delighted.

In less than an hour they returned, telling Mr. Wright that they had taken a picture which would convince him that their playmates were not imaginary. By this time some of the girls' earnestness had communicated itself to the cheerful and forthright Yorkshireman.

With Elsie wedged in beside him in the small cupboard which served as darkroom, he removed the plate and gently rocked it through the developer. He was startled to see flash up, almost at once, some dark figures which he took to be white swans. Later he made a sun print and was even more startled at the result.

It showed Elsie in rather an exaggerated pose, chin in hand. Before her, two each side of her face, were diminutive but exquisite fairy-like figures. They appeared to be suspended in air, in the motion of dancing. One of them was holding a tiny trumpet to its mouth.

Mr. Wright's downright Yorkshire phlegm suffered a severe jolt. He reacted characteristically and set out to find a rational explanation for the "impossible" picture. Repeated questioning of the children only brought the answer that the figures in the photograph were those of the fairies they had so often described. In some inexplicable manner, somehow, the parents were convinced they were being deceived.

They came to the conclusion that the figures were tangible enough, but that they had been faked. That they were probably constructed from scraps of coloured paper and cardboard. While the girls were away from the house they made a thorough search of their bedroom for some tangible clue which would help this theory. They found nothing.

Next, Mr. Wright went along to the glen where the photograph had been taken. He searched carefully beneath all the surrounding bushes. Neither in the glen nor in the cottage could he discover anything which might have explained the picture. Puzzled, not a little disturbed, Mr. Wright put the camera away.

A month went by, and during this time the girls continued to play in the glen. Despite many long interrogations and continued surreptitious searching, Mr. Wright was unable to find any solution other than the one, totally inadmissable conclusion, that the figures were genuine.

Once more—about six weeks after the first photograph had been taken—he loaded the camera, gave it to Elsie with the injunction that he would like to see if she could take another picture, and with stolid carefulness prepared his cupboard-darkroom.

The second picture was perhaps even more remarkable than the first. Although the picture was rather underexposed, it showed a small, gnome-like figure in the act of leaping from the grass on to Elsie's knee. Elsie said she was sitting on the grass playing with the gnome and beckoning it to come on her knee. The gnome leapt up just as Frances, who had the camera, snapped the shutter.

Mr. Wright was baffled. So too were his wife and Mrs. Griffiths. The girls could not understand the fuss their parents made. To Elsie in particular, the photographs had no originality beyond the novelty of her appearance in them with the fairies. She had seen and played with such nature spirits ever since she could remember. To her, the strangest phenomenon was that other people had not done the same. Whether the "little people" were objective or subjective was a problem with which the adults could concern themselves.

And so, for a second time the

camera was laid away. The pictures were slipped into an envelope and almost forgotten. Three years were to pass—during which the First World War came to an end and Mr. Griffiths returned to join his wife and daughter—before they were to receive further attention.

One morning in May, 1920, Edward L. Gardner, an author who had written many books dealing with psychic and paranormal subjects, received in his post two small prints, together with a covering letter asking for his opinion on their authenticity.

The letter merely stated that they had been taken some time ago, by two girls in Yorkshire. The person who sent the photographs had happened to mention "fairies" in the course of a lecture, and a woman had appeared afterwards to ask if the lecturer thought that "fairies were really true."

If so, said the woman, then the two photographs which her young daughter had taken "might be true after all." Though, she added, neigher she nor her husband had been able to believe it.

Mr. Gardner's reaction was cautious. He considered that the prints looked uncommonly like good, faked photographs. He wrote to the address given and asked if he could be allowed to see the original negatives. He quite expected to hear no more.

A few days later, however, he received two quarter-plate negatives on glass, together with a note from Mrs. Wright, of Cottingley, explaining how and when they had been taken.

The first plate was a good clear picture with no evidence of double exposure. The second was rather under-exposed and the girl's hand was blurred by movement. The very poorness of its quality, however, was a point in its favor.

Gardner now sought expert advice. He remembered an acquaintance, a photographer, who had recently set up a business of his own. He wrote first to the firm which had previously employed this man as a photographer. The reply was encouraging, and concluded: "What Snelling (the photographer) does not know about faked photographs isn't worth knowing."

The result of Snelling's examination was something of a shock. Not only did it confirm that the plates were single exposures, that the figures were *not* fabricated nor imposed on a photographed background—but that the figures had *moved* during exposure.

This was astonishing enough; yet, however skilled Snelling may have been, Gardner wanted absolute and irrevocable confirmation. He explained his problem to the photographer, told him to analyse the two negatives exhaustively at his leisure, enlarge to maximum in the search for any irregularities, and in short, to break them down as faked productions if it was at all possible to do so. At the same time he wanted contact positives made from them, and from these two glass lantern slides.

A week later Gardner checked with Snelling for results. They were not fakes. The photographer made a statement to this effect, and an abridged version was made out and signed by him. Gardner read it with mixed emotions:-

> These two negatives are entirely genuine, unfaked photographs of single exposure, open-air work, show movement in all the fairy figures, and there is no trace of studio work involving card or paper models, dark backgrounds, painted figures, etc. In my opinion they are both straight, untouched pictures.
>
> (re Two Fairy Negatives.) H. Snelling.

A short time afterwards the pictures were projected during a lantern lecture at the Mortimer Halls, in London. They created something of a sensation, and news of the pictures reached Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, (author of the famous *Sherlock Holmes* stories) who at that time had just completed an article for the *STRANDMAGAZINE,* on "Fairy Lore." When he saw the pictures and checked them with the original negatives his interest was deeply aroused.

As so much speculation was now circulating concerning the origins of the pictures it was proposed that a second photographer's judgment, an acknowledged expert, should be obtained. Kodak's, the famous film manufacturer's, were approached.

The Kingsway manager, at that time a Mr. J. West, together with his studio chief and two other expert photographers, now subjected the original plates to meticulous analysis; *once again, the fact that they were single exposures and unfaked, was confirmed.* Yet, even though the pictures had for the second time been pronounced genuine, there still

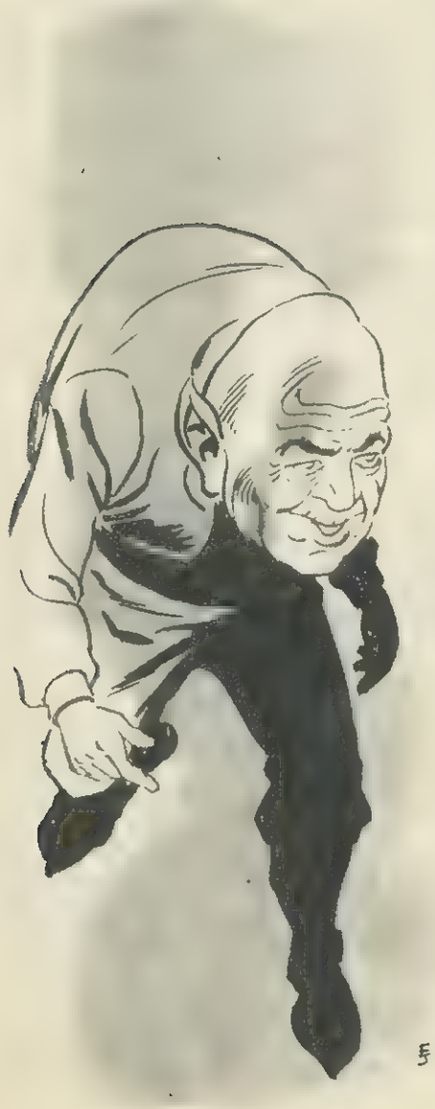
remained a faint element of doubt.

It was aptly put into words by one of the Kodak photographic experts. He pointed out that "after all, fairies can't be true," and so, in some way which remained undetected by the experts, they *must* have been faked.

There was only one possible way to substantiate the claim that they were genuine—and that was to get more photographs. Gardner decided that he would complete his lecture tour and then go up to Cottingley for that purpose.

Throughout 1921 Gardner lectured upon fairies and nature spirits in towns in England and Scotland, and illustrated his talks with the slides of the Cottingley fairies. One evening, in the Town Hall of a large city in the Midlands, he was impressed by the enormous screen provided for the lantern projection; it spread over the entire end of the hall.

A glance at the gallery at the back showed a projector overhanging the audience of a size he had never previously known existed. It resembled a naval gun, and Gardner anticipated huge, clear pictures. The building was filled to capacity and the audience was not disappointed.



The fiery photographs, and the detail in the glen, showed up magnificently; particularly the group of dancing fairies in front of Frances, and the leaping gnome. By popular demand these had to be shown again and again.

When the lecture finished the projection operator came along to Gardner and asked if he could have a few words with him in private. Gardner went along with him to discover that the huge projector which had so impressed him was a specially-built instrument; that among other purposes it was used to check on suspected signatures, wills and insurance documents, forgeries, philatelic fakes, etc.

The operator grinned, and added: "Some of us were sure your photographs were fakes, and that when the first one was thrown on the screen the fake would become obvious—and you'd clear. The boys up in the gallery were all ready for it. But we were done. Those photographs are straight. Nothing else coud have stood up to that projector. Looks as if I have to believe in fairies!"

Towards the end of the year Gardner made the special journey up to Cottingley in an effort to obtain more photographs. And shortly after his arrival he found an opportunity of questioning Elsie, the elder girl, about the methods they had employed in taking the previous photographs.

The girl explained it quite simply. And it was obvious that she was quite amused that he should make a fuss about such things. Gardner quickly discovered that, to her, fairies were accepted as part of the normal phenomena of nature.

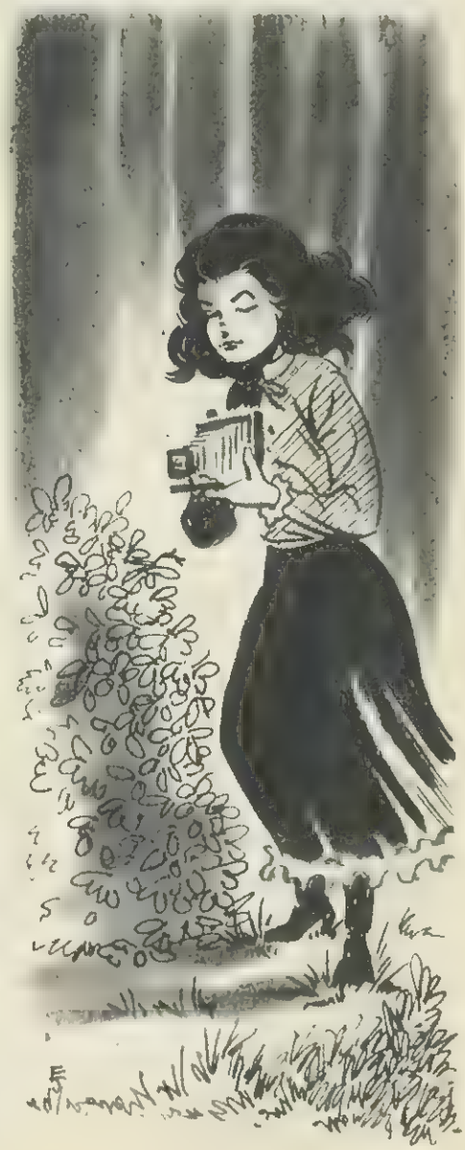
Elsie was particularly delighted when she learned that Gardner had brought with him two quarter-plate cameras, one for each of the girls, together with a pack of plates from the Illingworth factory. The girls were not told that the plates had been marked.

The cameras were loaded and their simple operation explained to the girls. When Gardner expressed the wish that he would like to see the site of the previous pictures Elsie was delighted. She offered to take him there straight away.

They quickly found the place, and the surroundings were exactly the same as photographed. Elsie pointed out exactly where she had knelt when taking Frances and the group of dancing fairies. With a final injunction that they were not to mind if nothing came of their efforts on this occasion, Gardner left them to it.

Once since, he was asked why he did not stay with them. His answer, whilst not very satisfactory to the layman, was nevertheless quite comprehensible to those with knowledge and experience of psychic matters, and was simply that he believed that children possessed clairvoyant power, that his presence was more likely to hinder the appearance of nature spirits than to foster them.

The children took three more photographs. The first showed a fairy figure poised on a bush and offering a



flower to Elsie. The second, a leaping fairy in front of Frances; whilst the third was a mixture of grasses and harebells with intertwined figures and faces.

Gardner took the photographs to Illingworths. The plates were examined and confirmed as being from the original pack supplied. They were then subjected to the same rigorous analysis that the previous photographs had survived.

They were greatly enlarged to check consistency in lighting, and for any sign of the grain of paper, canvas or paint, or anything else that could have been used to simulate fair figures. They survived the tests with honors. They were completely genuine photographs.

When the additional photographs became known to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, he arranged for corroborative evidence (scores of letters reached the Press vouching for the validity of such nature spirits) with copies of the photographs to be published in the *STRAND MAGAZINE* for March, 1921.

This well-authenticated article created world-wide interest. Reporters and journalists from scores of newspapers and magazines did their best to disprove the "fairy story," but none of them found a shred of evidence which could reflect on the genuine origin of the photographs.

Early in 1923 a copy of the South African paper, the *CAPE ARGUS,* dated November 25th, 1922, was sent to Gardner. It contained a whole page heading:

CAPE TOWN LINK IN WORLD CONTROVERSY. REMARKABLE LETTER IN SUPPORT OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The substance of the five-column article was a letter that little Frances had written from England way back in November 1918, to a friend in Woodstock, Cape Town. The letter was reproduced in facsimile, to prove the childish writing. Fortunately the young friend, a Miss Parvin, had kept it, together with the print which Frances had enclosed. The letter from Frances ran thus:-

. . . .all think the war will be over in a few days, we are going to get our flags to hang up in our bedroom. I am sending you two photos . . . one is me in a bathing costume . . . the other is me with some fairies up the beck. Elsie took that one. Rosebud is as fat as ever and I have made her some new clothes. How are Teddy and dolly?'

On the back of the print of the fairies dancing in front of herself, she wrote: 'Elsie and I are very friendly with the beck fairies . . . '

The letter, which was examined in detail at the Cape Argus office, prompted this newspaper to print the following:-

"The plain fact surely is that, however skeptical you may be about the existence of fairies, the production of this letter written by Frances Griffiths, a former Cape Town girl, to Johanna Parvin, at Woodstock, in November 1918, is a valuable piece of evidence in support of Sir A. C. Doyle's story. And for this reason. It was not until 1920 that this photograph began to attract attention. Yet for two years before Sir Arthur had seen this photograph, a similar photograph had been lying at Woodstock, sent from one girl friend to another with far less comment than was displayed in writing about their dolls! . . . Isn't the very intimate and insignificant detail of it, the very off-hand manner in which a world phenomenon is dismissed in a couple of lines—isn't all this the best kind of evidence possible that, two years before Conan Doyle ever started this controversy, Frances Griffiths believed implicitly in the existence of fairies; so implicitly indeed as to discuss them with no more surprise or emphasis than she dismissed her dad, her dolls, and the war?

The Cottingley photographs are rare. No one will ever really know what combination of natural and psychic forces made their existence possible. Yet other photographs exist, and two or three were reproduced in Sir A. C. Doyle's book, *The Coming Of The Fairies*—but they are in quite another category in terms of clarity and definition.

The full story of the Cottingley fairies has been told in a remarkable book by Edward L. Gardner, and published by the Theosophical Publishing House, Great Russell Street, London. And the original plates are still available for purposes of reproduction.

The Cottingley photographs remain at present, so far as is known, the most definite and vivid record of this type of phenomena.

In this age of nuclear development we are standing at the threshold of new and wonderful discoveries, not least of which is the fact that the old materialistic concept of matter is no longer valid.

Beyond the frontiers of physical apprehension are other territories, perhaps other forms of life. Perhaps it may be that the rare *rapport* which enabled these pictures to be taken, is the gift of all in early life. And that, as the child dies to become the man, so too the awareness of the "little people" is submerged and lost to a consciousness which grows away from nature, putting on the armour of worldliness to confront the grim realities of life. •

GREED CAN LEAD YOU INTO STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PATHS....EVEN TO THE GRAVE...

THE DEADMAN'S HAND

ARE YOU HERE, EDWARD? HAVE YOU COME BACK....FROM THE DEAD? SPEAK! SPEAK!

MACAGNO

ALICE KILLED HER HUSBAND! OH, IT WASN'T THE WAY YOU MIGHT EXPECT! EDWARD MILLWORTH HAD BEEN SICK FOR MONTHS! ALICE WITHHELD THE MEDICINE THAT KEPT HIS HEART BEATING! AND SHE FELT IT NEEDED A REST AFTER 81 YEARS!

THE BANK STATEMENT! HOW WONDERFUL! A MILLION DOLLARS! ....W-WHAT? $850,000 IN CASH WITHDRAWN SIX MONTHS AGO!

THAT OLD GOAT! HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! HE'S....HE'S HIDDEN THAT DOUGH SOMEWHERE! I'LL FIND IT! I'VE GOT TO!

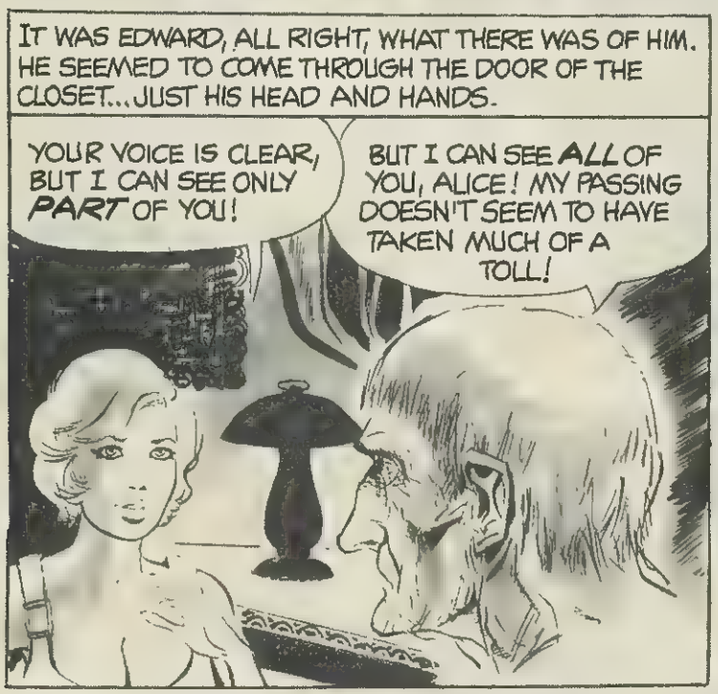
Crack

BUT ALICE DID NOT FIND IT! THERE WAS ONE LAST CHANCE.... SHE REMEMBERED EDWARD'S INTEREST IN SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHIC PHENOMENA....

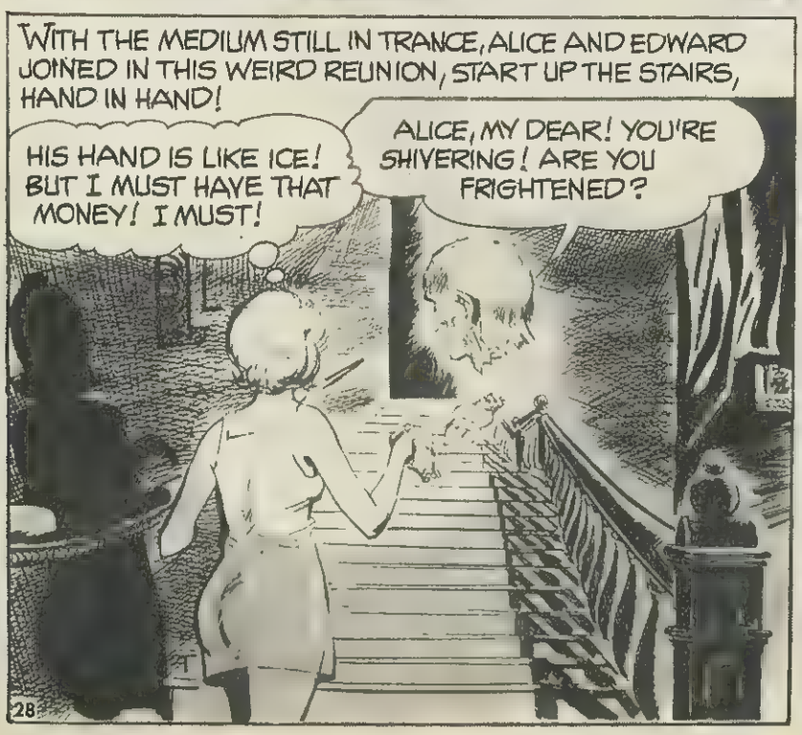
WHAT CAN I LOSE? MAYBE I CAN CONTACT HIM, PLEAD WITH HIM TO TELL ME WHERE IT IS! IT CAN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD WHERE HE IS NOW!

A SEANCE WAS ARRANGED SECRETLY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MOST FAMOUS TRANCE-MEDIUM IN THE CITY! THE HOUR WAS LATE! IN THE STUDY OF HER LATE AND UNLAMENTED HUSBAND, ALICE WAITED...!
EDWARD! ARE YOU HERE? PLEASE SPEAK TO ME! TELL ME WHERE YOU HID THE MONEY! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME!

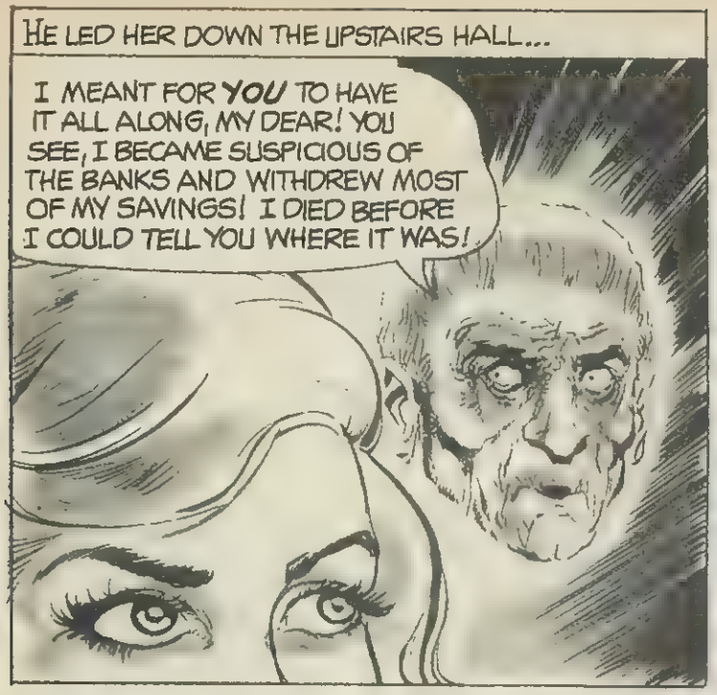
I THINK I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! I CAN SHOW YOU!
EDWARD!

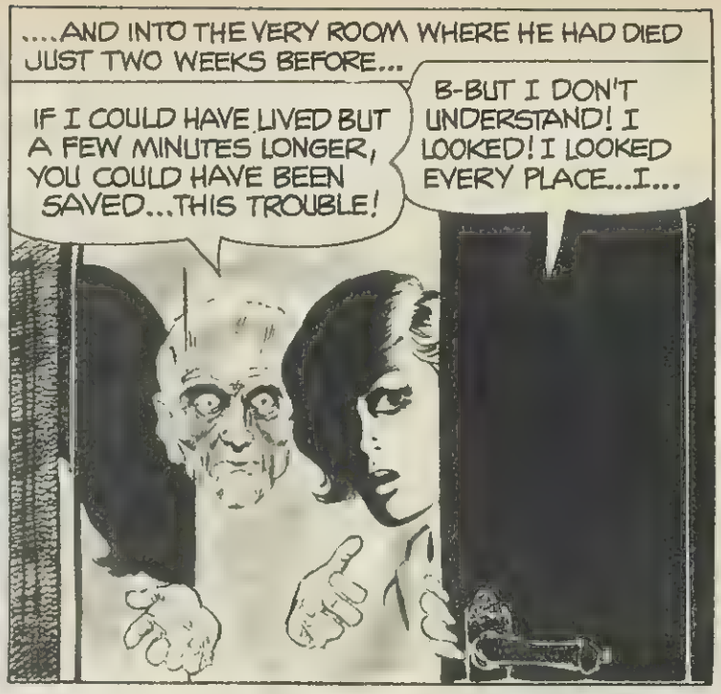

IT WAS EDWARD, ALL RIGHT, WHAT THERE WAS OF HIM. HE SEEMED TO COME THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE CLOSET...JUST HIS HEAD AND HANDS.
YOUR VOICE IS CLEAR, BUT I CAN SEE ONLY PART OF YOU!
BUT I CAN SEE ALL OF YOU, ALICE! MY PASSING DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN MUCH OF A TOLL!

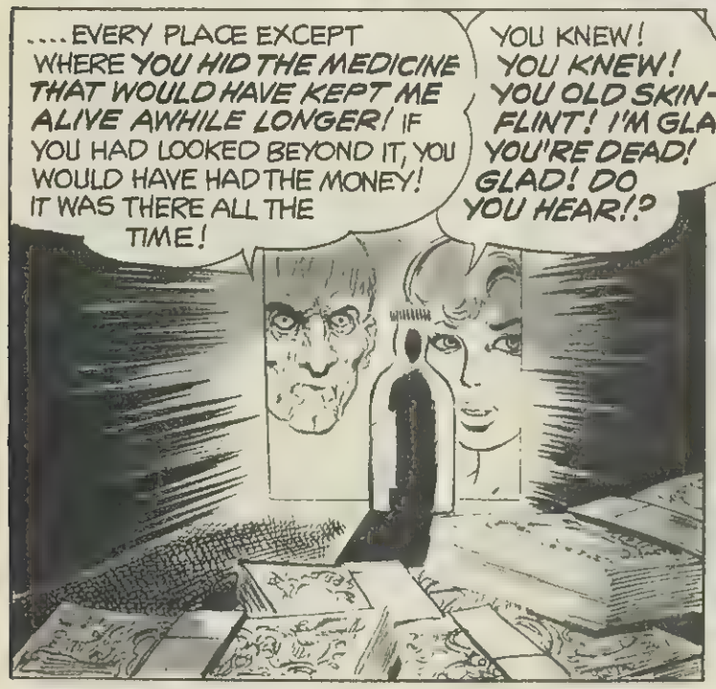
OH YES, EDWARD! I-I'VE MISSED YOU...S-SO! I'VE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN! TO... TO...
....TO ASK ME ABOUT THE MONEY? COME, TAKE MY HAND!


WITH THE MEDIUM STILL IN TRANCE, ALICE AND EDWARD JOINED IN THIS WEIRD REUNION, START UP THE STAIRS, HAND IN HAND!
HIS HAND IS LIKE ICE! BUT I MUST HAVE THAT MONEY! I MUST!
ALICE, MY DEAR! YOU'RE SHIVERING! ARE YOU FRIGHTENED?

OF COURSE NOT! WH-WHY SHOULD I-I BE FRIGHTENED?


HE LED HER DOWN THE UPSTAIRS HALL...
I MEANT FOR YOU TO HAVE IT ALL ALONG, MY DEAR! YOU SEE, I BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF THE BANKS AND WITHDREW MOST OF MY SAVINGS! I DIED BEFORE I COULD TELL YOU WHERE IT WAS!


....AND INTO THE VERY ROOM WHERE HE HAD DIED JUST TWO WEEKS BEFORE...
IF I COULD HAVE LIVED BUT A FEW MINUTES LONGER, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED...THIS TROUBLE!
B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I LOOKED! I LOOKED EVERY PLACE...I...


....EVERY PLACE EXCEPT WHERE YOU HID THE MEDICINE THAT WOULD HAVE KEPT ME ALIVE AWHILE LONGER! IF YOU HAD LOOKED BEYOND IT, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD THE MONEY! IT WAS THERE ALL THE TIME!
YOU KNEW! YOU KNEW! YOU OLD SKIN-FLINT! I'M GLAD YOU'RE DEAD! GLAD! DO YOU HEAR!?

SHAKING WITH FEAR, THE SIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS GALVANIZED HER MUSCLES INTO DESPERATE ACTION! HUGGING THE MONEY TO HER BOSOM, SHE RAN TOWARD THE STAIRS...!
I HAVE IT! I'M RICH! YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE JUST A GHOST!...A HALF GHOST!

BUT EDWARD WAS WAITING FOR HIS WIFE ON THE LANDING!
YES, ALICE, JUST HALF A GHOST... ..BUT I HAVE MY TWO HANDS... THEY ARE ALL I NEED!
AAAAHGGG

THEN, ALICE, HER LIFE TAKEN FROM HER, FELL HEAD-LONG DOWN THE STEPS, HER PRECIOUS MONEY STREWN BEHIND HER! BUT IT DID NOT MATTER! SHE WOULD HAVE NO USE FOR IT WHERE SHE WAS GOING!
The End

THE FANGS REACHED OUT AND PULLED HER TOWARDS HIM! BEADY EYES, RED-RIMMED AND BULGING, CONTRACTED WITH HATE AND SUSPICION! HER SCREAM WAS SHRILL AND HORRIBLE, FOR NO ONE... NOTHING COULD EVER ESCAPE...

THE VAMPIRE-GHOULS

ARRGHH! SO YOU ARE FINALLY AWAKE!-- AND NOW WE ARE TOGETHER AT LAST!

ALL THESE DEAD PEOPLE! THE OLD HAG'S CURSE CAME TRUE AFTER ALL! HELP! HELP! EEEEEEEE!

W. CASSELL

THERE ARE PEOPLE LIKE HER ANYWHERE! YOU MEET THEM AND YOU WANT NOTHING FURTHER TO DO WITH THEM! BUT NARDA WILLIAMS WAS BEAUTIFUL AND CUNNING! SHE WAS INVITED TO EVERY PARTY IN TOWN!

HA! HA! SOME FUN! WHOOPS! HEY, NARDA-- GIMME A KISS! HIC!

DON'T MAKE AN OBNOXIOUS PEST OUT OF YOURSELF, JIM! I'M TOO TIRED!

THEN HOW ABOUT ME, NARDA? ALL I WANT IS TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS!

JUST ONE DANCE, NARDA! PLEASE!

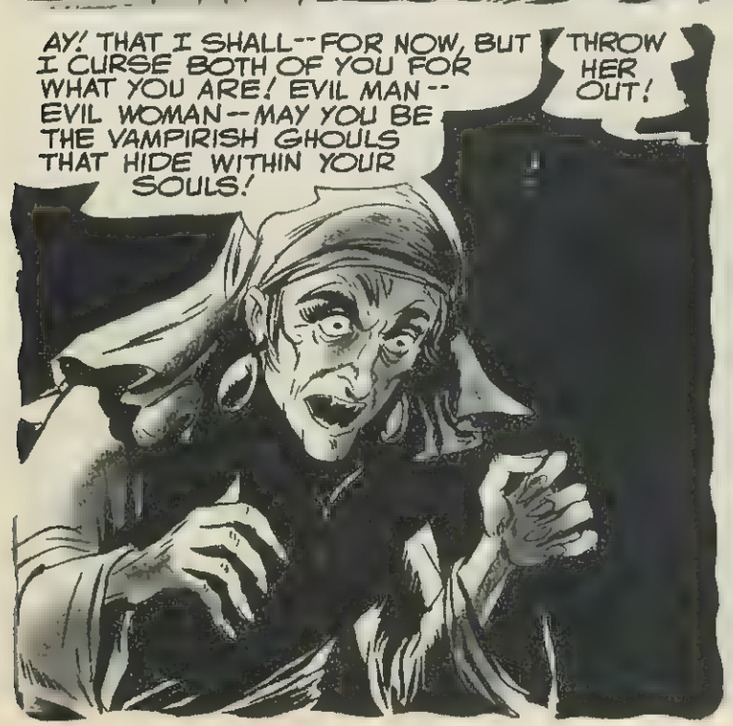
PLEASE! PLEASE-- CAN'T YOU FIND SOMEONE ELSE? YOU HAVE ALL BEEN AMUSING-- BUT ONLY THAT!

YOU CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THIS, NARDA! I--I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING! I GOT YOU STARTED IN YOUR CAREER!
OH, DON'T BE SO MELODRAMATIC, RICHARD! I'M HERE WITH WALTER, AND THERE HE IS!

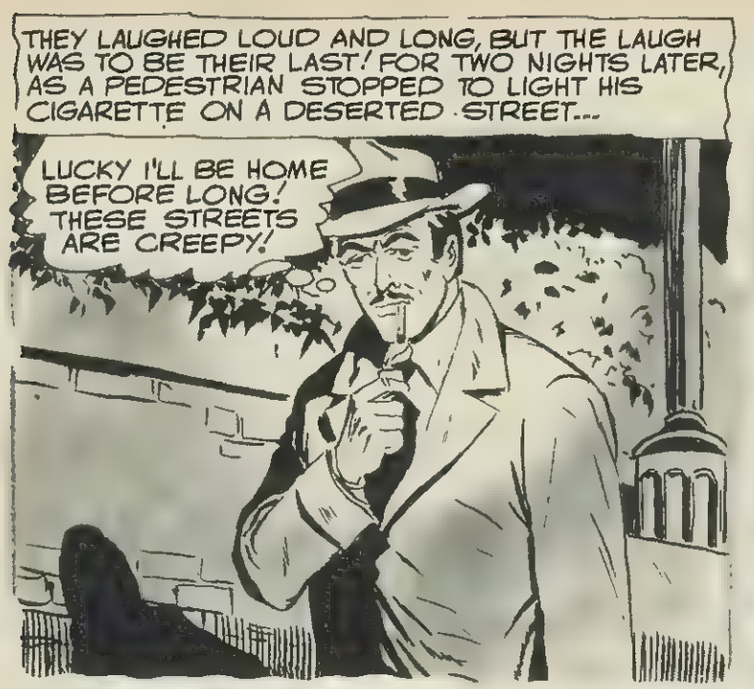
NARDA WILLIAMS, THE ARROGANT MOVIE STAR AND WALTER ATKINS, A SELFISH TYRANT OF A MANAGER, MADE A FITTING PAIR!
HMM! I SEE YOU HAVE ALL THE LOCAL TRADE HOPPING ABOUT MY SWEET!
HA! HA! JUST SOMETHING TO DIVERT ME UNTIL YOU ARRIVED!

--TELL YOUR FORTUNE?
--GO WAY! DISGUSTING!

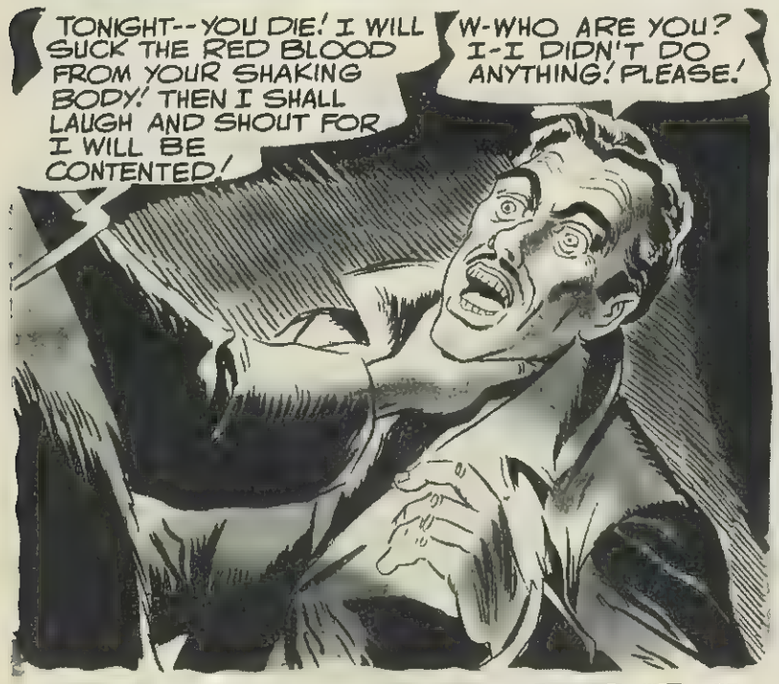
BUT I SHALL GIVE YOU A VERY GOOD READING! OOOHH!
YOU HEARD WHAT SHE SAID! MOVE!


AY! THAT I SHALL--FOR NOW, BUT I CURSE BOTH OF YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE! EVIL MAN--EVIL WOMAN--MAY YOU BE THE VAMPIRISH GHOULS THAT HIDE WITHIN YOUR SOULS!
THROW HER OUT!

MOMENTS LATER...
IMAGINE THAT OLD HAG TRYING TO HEX US! WHAT HOKUM!
HA, HA--YOU LOOKED SO FUNNY WHEN YOU HIT HER, WALTER, DARLING! TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T BREAK HER NOSE! IT WOULD HAVE HELPED HER FACE! HA! HA!

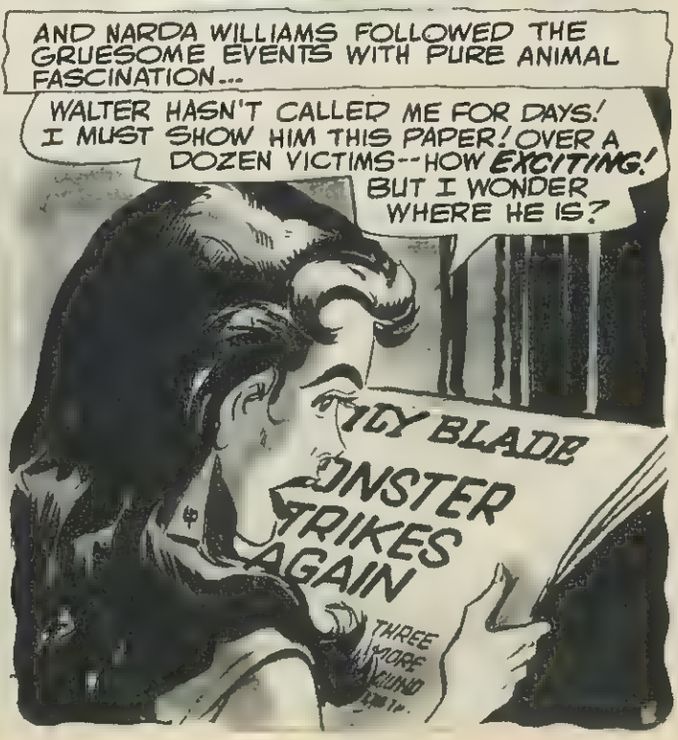

THEY LAUGHED LOUD AND LONG, BUT THE LAUGH WAS TO BE THEIR LAST! FOR TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS A PEDESTRIAN STOPPED TO LIGHT HIS CIGARETTE ON A DESERTED STREET...
LUCKY I'LL BE HOME BEFORE LONG! THESE STREETS ARE CREEPY!

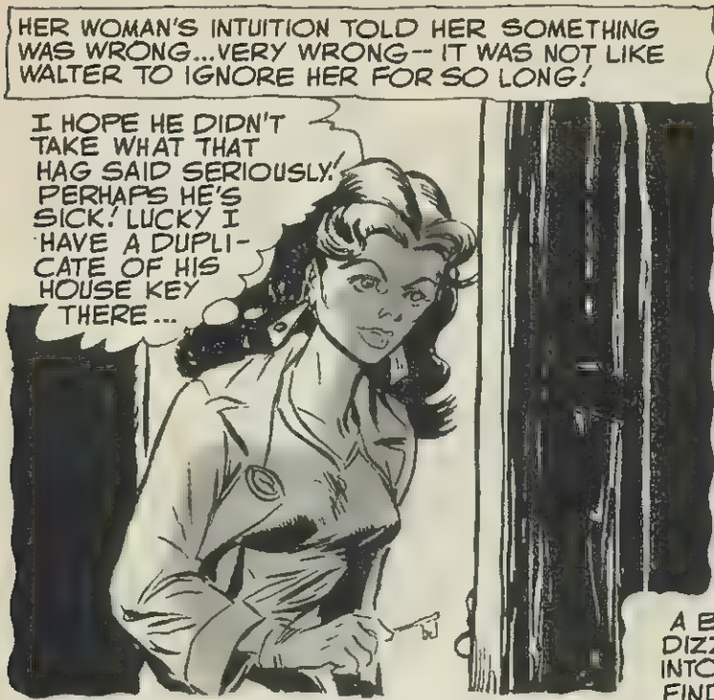
THE BUS SHOULD BE HERE VERY SOON! I'LL
URRGH!
ARGH!

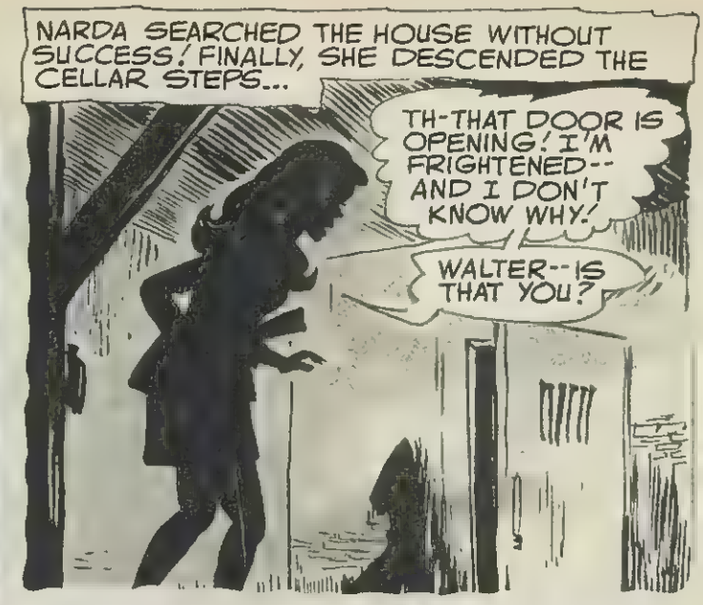

TONIGHT--YOU DIE! I WILL SUCK THE RED BLOOD FROM YOUR SHAKING BODY! THEN I SHALL LAUGH AND SHOUT FOR I WILL BE CONTENTED!
W-WHO ARE YOU? I-I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! PLEASE!

YAA-AAH!
HA! HA! HA!

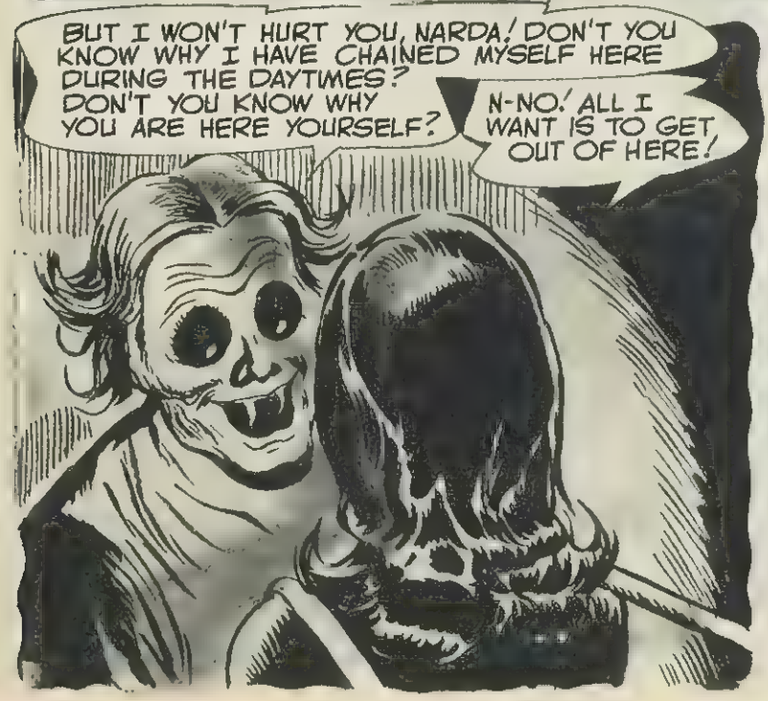
THUS BEGAN THE GHASTLY VIGIL OF THE CAVE MONSTER AS THE CITY ROCKED WITH TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN!
ARRRGGH! YOU! YOU ARE NEXT! HA! HA! HA!


AND NARDA WILLIAMS FOLLOWED THE GRUESOME EVENTS WITH PURE ANIMAL FASCINATION...
WALTER HASN'T CALLED ME FOR DAYS! I MUST SHOW HIM THIS PAPER! OVER A DOZEN VICTIMS--HOW EXCITING! BUT I WONDER WHERE HE IS?
TLY BLADE
ONSTER TRIKES AGAIN
THREE MORE ROUND UP!





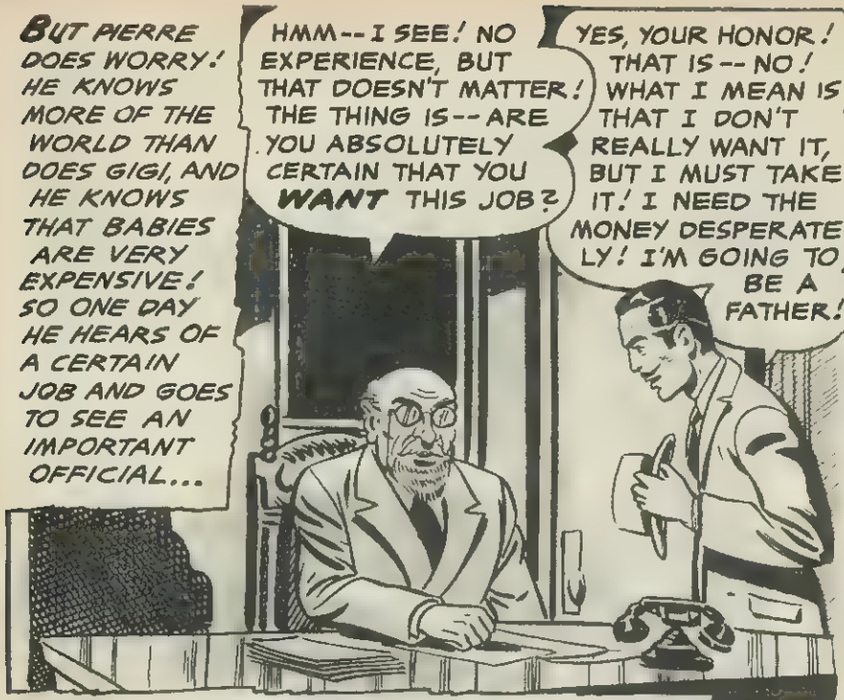
A BLINDING CIRCLE OF WHITE LIGHT SPINNING DIZZILY AROUND-- AND THEN A GRADUAL GREYING INTO CONSCIOUSNESS! NARDA WILLIAMS AWOKE TO FIND HERSELF CLOAKED IN HER MASQUERADE COSTUME INSIDE A CRYPT OF ***DEATH!***

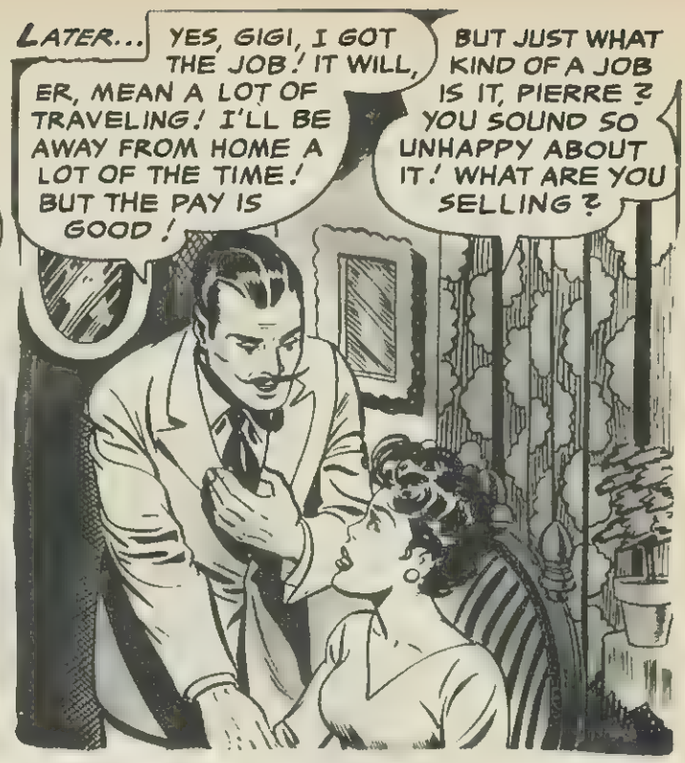


PULL UP A COFFIN

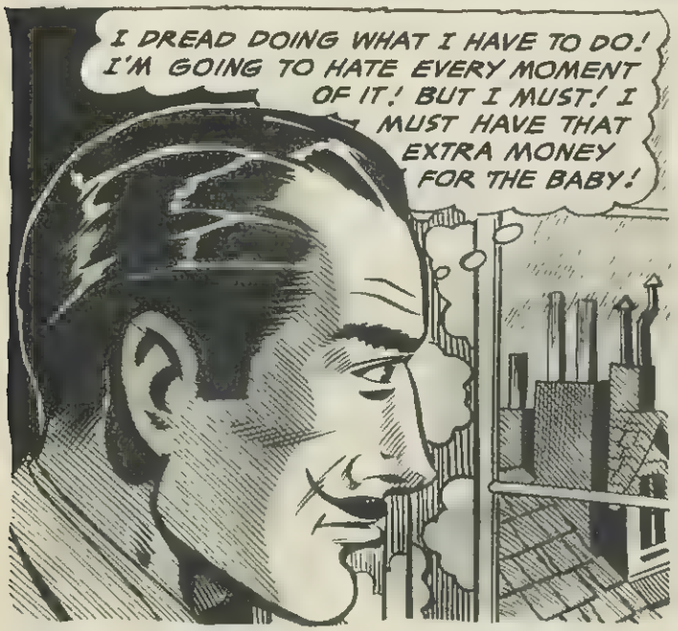
THE PLACE IS PARIS -- THE SUBJECT IS DEATH -- AND THE HORROR, WELL, YOU'LL BE LOOKING BEHIND YOU EVERY MOMENT FROM NOW ON! AND DON'T BLAME US WHEN THE SWEAT POPS OUT COLD ON YOUR BODY, AND YOUR EYES BULGE WITH TERROR! WHEN YOU START SCREAMING FOR HELP DON'T EXPECT IT FROM US, EITHER! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A GOOD SAFE HIDING PLACE OURSELVES! SO YOU'VE BEEN WARNED -- NOW GO AHEAD AND READ **THE KNIFE OF CONSCIENCE...**

PIERRE DUVAL AND HIS WIFE, VERY MUCH IN LOVE, HAVE A PROBLEM! ONE DAY IN THEIR SHABBY LITTLE GARRET OVERLOOKING THE CHIMNEY POTS OF PARIS...



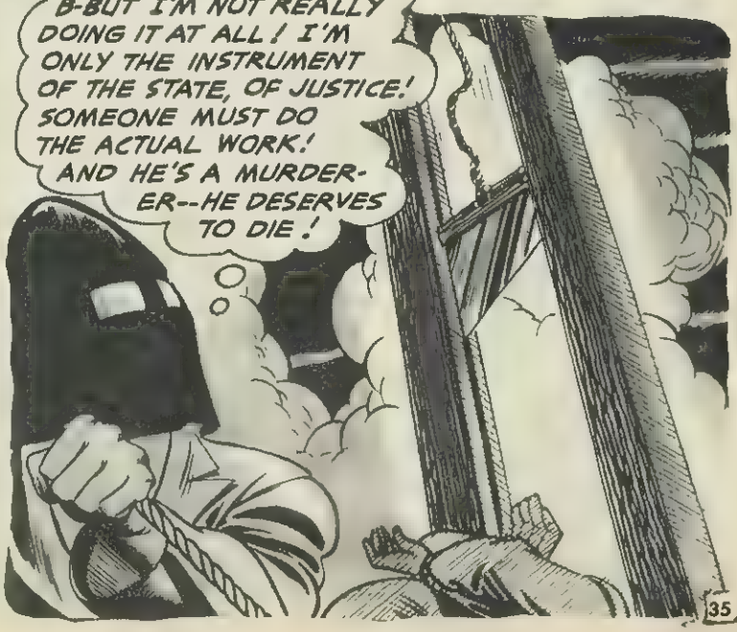


PIERRE LIES ABOUT THE JOB AND WHEN HE IS ALONE HIS THOUGHTS ARE NOT PLEASANT...



ONE BLEAK MORNING, IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE, PIERRE APPROACHES HIS PLACE OF WORK FOR THE FIRST TIME! THE EARLY MORNING FOG IS DANK AND GRAY AND HANGS LIKE A SHROUD OVER THE GREAT STONE PRISON..

AND PIERRE DUVAL PUTS ON THE BLACK MASK OF THE STATE EXECUTIONER AND LEADS A DOOMED MAN UP THE STEPS TO THE WAITING, THIRSTY GUILLOTINE...



SO THE MONTHS PASS AND THE BABY COMES! AND PIERRE, THOUGH STILL HATING HIS JOB, COMES TO REGARD IT AS PERMANENT! HE NEEDS MONEY NOW MORE THAN EVER...

LOOK AT HIM, GIGI! SEE HOW SWEETLY HE SLEEPS!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU PAID SOME ATTENTION TO HIM-- AND TO ME! WE NEVER SEE YOU ANYMORE!

YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D GIVE UP THAT MYSTERIOUS JOB OF YOURS! WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T LIKE IT! QUIT IT AND GET A JOB NEAR HOME!

YOU KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT! IT PAYS VERY WELL, AND WE NEED THE MONEY! BUT I PROMISE I'LL QUIT AS SOON AS I CAN!

SO MORE MONTHS PASS AND MORE HEADS FALL AS PIERRE WORKS AT HIS JOB! IT IS EASIER NOW AND HE HAS BEEN GIVEN A RAISE...

WONDER WHO THIS ONE IS? THE OFFICIALS WERE VERY SECRETIVE FOR SOME REASON--SEEMED TO THINK I MIGHT NOT WANT THE JOB!

WHAT'S ALL THE MYSTERY ABOUT, SIR? WHY WASN'T I TOLD THE NAME OF THE PRISONER I'M TO EXECUTE?

YOU'LL SEE! THIS WILL BE YOUR (COUGH) FIRST TIME FOR ***THIS*** SORT OF EXECUTION! SOME OF THE OTHERS HAVE REFUSED TO EXECUTE A ***WOMAN!***

AND PIERRE IS FILLED WITH A SENSE OF HORROR AS HE SEES THE PRISONER...

NO! I C-CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I WAS GETTING SO I DIDN'T MIND THE MEN SO MUCH, B-BUT A WOMAN!

LET'S GET ON WITH IT, SHALL WE! NONE OF US LIKE THIS DAY'S WORK!

SO HE GOES THROUGH WITH THE GRISLY EXECUTION.... BUT AS THE KNIFE SWOOPS DOWN, PIERRE MAKES A RESOLUTION, A PROMISE TO HIMSELF...

THIS IS THE LAST ONE! ABSOLUTELY! I'M FINISHED! NOT FOR ALL THE MONEY IN FRANCE WOULD I GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN! I'LL BE SEEING THAT POOR WOMAN'S FACE IN MY DREAMS FOR YEARS!

I'LL GET A JOB IN PARIS SO I CAN ALWAYS BE WITH GIGI AND THE BABY! I'LL TELL GIGI I WAS FIRED! SHE WON'T MIND THAT, BECAUSE SHE'S BEEN WANTING ME TO QUIT FOR MONTHS! THANK GOODNESS IT'S ALL OVER AT LAST--AND GIGI NEVER FOUND OUT!

BUT WHEN HE REACHES HIS HOME...

H-HUH! THE POLICE! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE ?

YOU'RE PIERRE DUVAL? WE'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, I'M AFRAID! YOUR WIFE IS IN TROUBLE! VERY BAD TROUBLE!

SHE KILLED A MAN! HER LOVER!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE LOVER, I SUPPOSE! HUSBANDS NEVER DO! ANYWAY SHE KILLED HIM, AND SHE WON'T TELL US WHY! YOUR CHILD IS IN THE CARE OF FRIENDS!

GIGI! A LOVER! A MURDERESS! I-- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

LATER HE IS ALLOWED TO SEE HIS WIFE...

YOU UNDERSTAND, M'SIEUR, THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO ASSIST US, BUT IF YOU COULD PERSUADE YOUR WIFE TO TELL US **WHY** SHE KILLED THE MAN IT MIGHT BE OF USE IN HER DEFENSE...

Y-YES! I'LL DO MY BEST! MY GIGI MUST NOT DIE ON THE (SHUDDER) GUILLOTINE!

AND...

TELL ME, GIGI, TELL ME! WHY DID YOU DO IT? I MUST KNOW IF I'M TO HELP YOU!

I-- I FOUND OUT ABOUT **YOU!** THAT YOU WERE THE STATE EXECUTIONER! I WAS SICK WITH DISGUST SO I-- I BEGAN TO SEE THIS OTHER MAN...

WE QUARRELED FINALLY, THIS LAST TIME YOU WERE AWAY, AND I TOLD HIM I WAS THROUGH! H-HE WOULDN'T LET ME GO! THERE WAS A STRUGGLE, A KNIFE, AND I-- OH, I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!

SHOCK COMES UPON SHOCK FOR PIERRE DUVAL...

B-BUT I FORGIVE YOU, DARLING! I KNOW YOU ONLY DID IT BECAUSE WE NEEDED THE MONEY SO BADLY! AND PROMISE ME-- IF THEY SENTENCE ME TO DEATH-- **YOU** WILL BE MY EXECUTIONER!

ME? **NO!** ARE YOU MAD, GIGI?

SORRY, YOUR TIME IS UP!

BUT FRENCH LAW IS INEXORABLE! GIGI IS TRIED AND CONVICTED OF MURDER AND SENTENCED TO DIE ON THE GUILLOTINE...
TIME TO GO NOW, MADAME DUVAL! YOUR--ER--HUSBAND IS WAITING TO SEE YOU IN THE OFFICE OF THE WARDEN!
THANK YOU! I AM READY TO DIE! I HAVE MADE MY PEACE WITH THIS WORLD AND AM READY FOR THE NEXT! AND I KNOW MY HUSBAND WILL NOT FAIL ME!
BUT PIERRE, RAVAGED BY TORMENT, BEGS HER NOT TO MAKE HIM BE HER EXECUTIONER...
PLEASE, MY DARLING! D-DON'T HOLD ME TO MY PROMISE! I CAN'T DO IT--I CAN'T!
NO! YOU MUST KEEP YOUR PROMISE! REMEMBER, IT IS THE LAST YOU CAN EVER DO FOR ME ON THIS EARTH! IF YOU DO IT I--I CAN BE BRAVE!
STRANGE, THIS! A WIFE BEGGING HER HUSBAND TO BE HER EXECUTIONER!
SO...
VERY WELL, GIGI! I PROMISE! I WILL DO IT! AS A LAST ACT OF LOVE I WILL--DROP THE KNIFE!
I KNEW YOU WOULD, SWEET! IT WILL BE EASIER FOR ME THAT WAY! NOW ONE MORE PROMISE!
COME! WE MUST GO NOW!
HER LAST REQUEST...
I WILL SEE TO IT! THE BOY WILL NEVER KNOW!
I'LL LEAVE THE COUNTRY IMMEDIATELY! TAKE HIM TO AMERICA! HE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT A GUILLOTINE IS! I SWEAR IT!
YES! DO THAT FOR ME AND I WILL REST PEACEFULLY! HE WILL NEVER EVEN KNOW THE WORD GUILLOTINE OR WHAT IT MEANS! THEY DO NOT HAVE SUCH THINGS IN AMERICA!
SO, AS A LAST ACT OF LOVE, PIERRE DUVAL PULLS THE RELEASE THAT SEVERS HIS WIFE'S HEAD...
AHHH--IT--IT'S OVER! AND SHE DIDN'T SUFFER! SHE WAS B-BRAVE TO THE VERY LAST! AND NOW I MUST KEEP MY PROMISE TO HER!
IMMEDIATELY HE GOES TO THE HOME OF FRIENDS, WHERE THE LITTLE BOY IS STAYING...
H-HOW IS HE, JULES? HE DOESN'T --KNOW ANYTHING? ABOUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
OF COURSE NOT! HE'S PLAYING AS HAPPILY AS A PUPPY! I BOUGHT HIM ONE OF THOSE MECHANICAL SETS! GO AND SEE!
AND PIERRE DUVAL OPENS THE DOOR AND SEES HIS SON...
PAPA! COME AND SEE! I MADE A PLAY TOY ALL BY MYSELF...
OH--GAAAA AAAAAAA!
The End

DEATH IS AN ARTIST

PAUL CHAMBRE'S MIND WAS FILLED WITH THE GHOULISH HORRORS OF A NIGHTMARE WORLD... AND, WHEN HE BEGAN TO MAKE HIS FOUL DREAMS REAL, HE HIMSELF CHANGED TO THE GRISLIEST OF THEM ALL...

PAUL'S ONE AMBITION WAS TO WIN THE ACADEMY'S GRAND PRIZE FOR PAINTING AND SCULPTING...

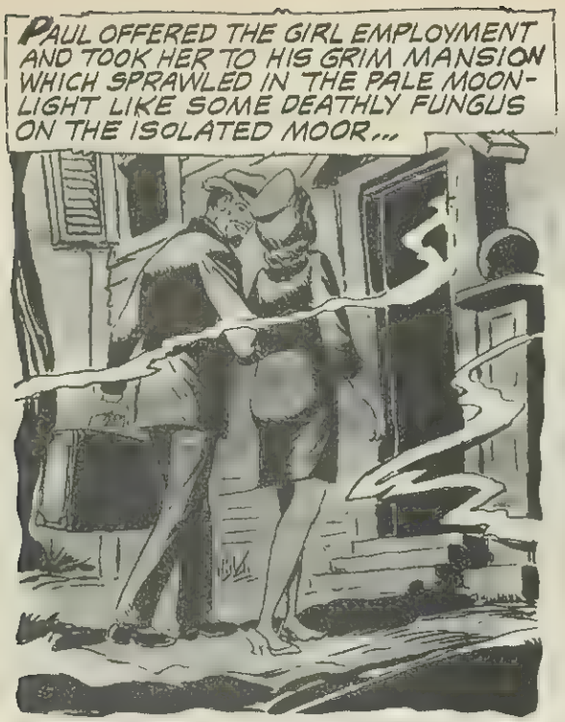
YOUR WORKS IN THE FIELD OF HORROR ARE FASCINATING, MR. CHAMBRE... BUT THEY LACK **REALITY!**

HOW CAN THEY EXPECT REALISM WHEN MY WORK IS PURELY IN THE REALM OF IMAGINATION?

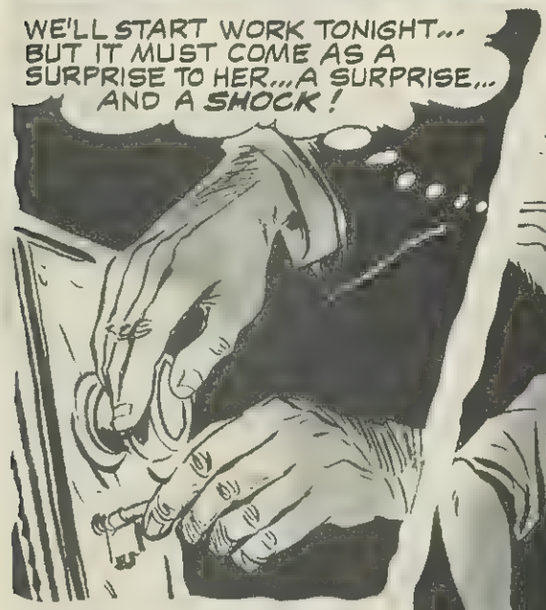
PAUL BROODED OVER HIS FAILURE, AND ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS WALKING THE STREETS...

HMM... AN OUT OF TOWN GIRL LOOKING FOR EMPLOYMENT... I WONDER... MAYBE I CAN GET MORE REALISM IN MY WORK! ...THREE... ALL I NEED, IS ONE!

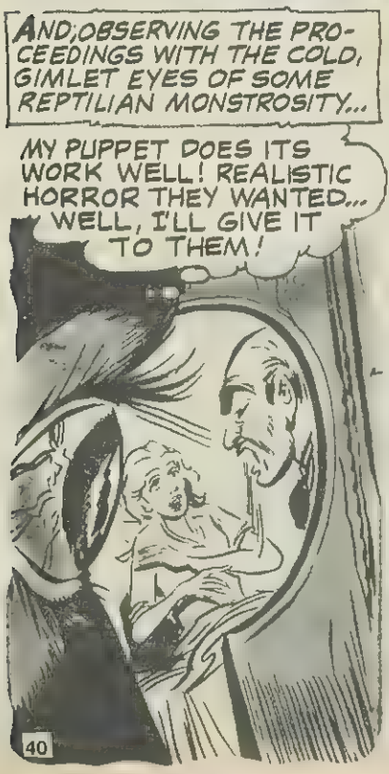
HELP WANTED


PAUL OFFERED THE GIRL EMPLOYMENT AND TOOK HER TO HIS GRIM MANSION WHICH SPRAWLED IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT LIKE SOME DEATHLY FUNGUS ON THE ISOLATED MOOR...

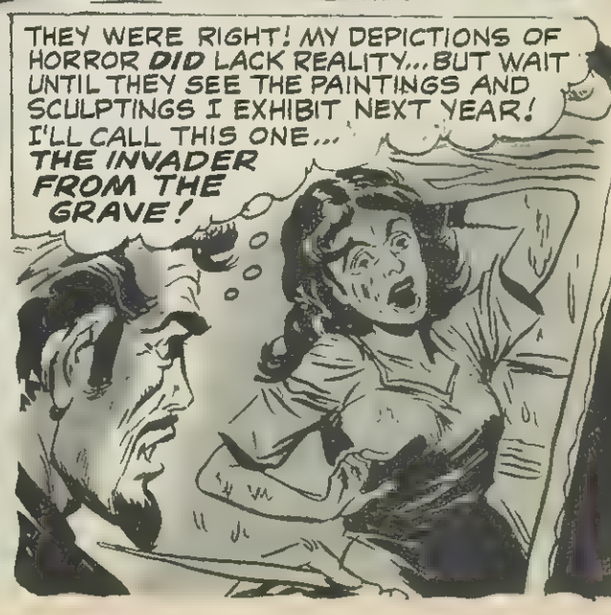
INSIDE...
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE HERE! TOMORROW MORNING WE'LL BEGIN TO WORK!
THIS HOUSE...IT... IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS!


WE'LL START WORK TONIGHT... BUT IT MUST COME AS A SURPRISE TO HER...A SURPRISE... AND A SHOCK!

LATE THAT NIGHT, THE GIRL WAS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF A TRAP DOOR OPENING IN THE CEILING, AND...
ARRGGH! HELP!


AND, OBSERVING THE PROCEEDINGS WITH THE COLD, GIMLET EYES OF SOME REPTILIAN MONSTROSITY...
MY PUPPET DOES ITS WORK WELL! REALISTIC HORROR THEY WANTED... WELL, I'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!

ALL THAT NIGHT, PAUL WORKED FEVERISHLY, AND BY MORNING...


THEY WERE RIGHT! MY DEPICTIONS OF HORROR DID LACK REALITY... BUT WAIT UNTIL THEY SEE THE PAINTINGS AND SCULPTINGS I EXHIBIT NEXT YEAR! I'LL CALL THIS ONE... THE INVADER FROM THE GRAVE!

FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, THE GIRL'S MIND WAS A SPINNING CORE OF HORROR AS THE MAD ARTIST PAINTED HER... EACH POSE MORE GRUESOME THAN THE NEXT...

DANCE OF DEATH

AFTER A WHILE, PAUL CHAMBRE DID NOT HAVE TO ARRANGE POSES...

THERE'S MORE HORROR IN HER NOW... JUST AS SHE IS... THAN IN ANY OF THE PAINTINGS I'VE DONE BEFORE!

BUT CHAMBRE'S MASTERPIECE WAS YET TO BE DONE... ONE NIGHT...

HE--HE FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOOR... MAYBE... MAYBE AT LAST I CAN BE FREE! PLEASE... LET ME BE FREE!

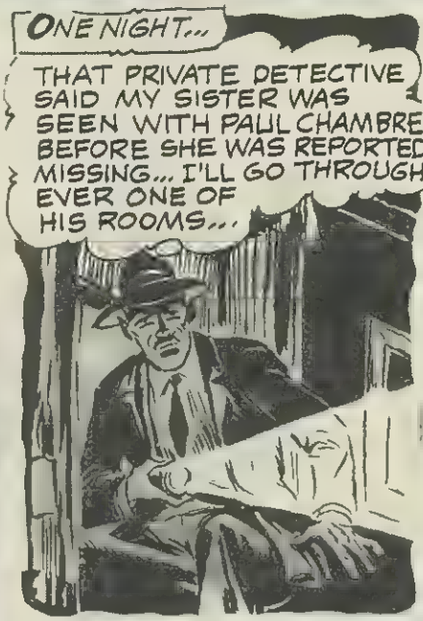
DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR SHE WALKED...

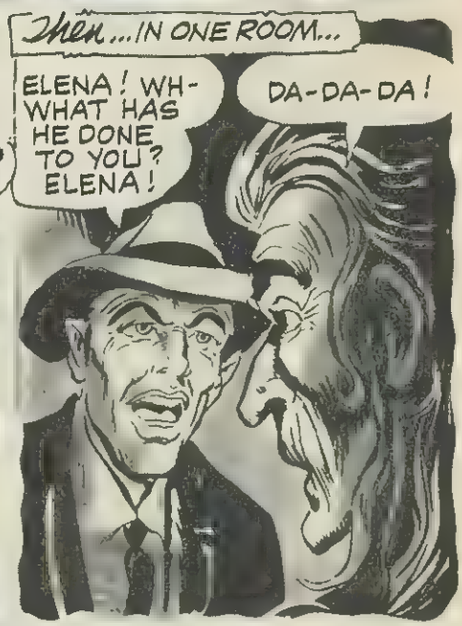
ALL OF THEM... LOCKED... IS THERE NO EXIT?

FINALLY...
AAH... AT LAST! FREE!

BUT INSIDE...
AAAGHHH! YOU!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, MY DEAR... THAT EXPRESSION IS JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! I'LL CALL THIS ONE NO HOPE!

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HER WITHERED SHAPE SEEMED TO LOSE ALL LIFE! ENDLESSLY SHE SAT, MUMBLING HALF WORDS INTO EMPTY SPACE...
DA-DA-DA-DA..

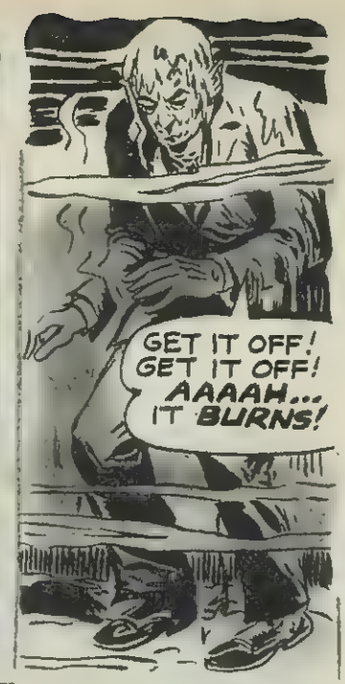

ONE NIGHT...
THAT PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAID MY SISTER WAS SEEN WITH PAUL CHAMBRE BEFORE SHE WAS REPORTED MISSING... I'LL GO THROUGH EVER ONE OF HIS ROOMS...


Then... IN ONE ROOM...
ELENA! WH-WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU? ELENA!
DA-DA-DA!

THE FIEND! I--I'LL KILL HIM!

NO... KILLING IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM! I MUST TORTURE HIM... AS HE TORTURED HER! HMM... THAT POOL OF MOLTEN BRONZE HE USES TO CAST HIS STATUES...

WH--WHO ARE YOU? NO--NO--NOT IN THERE! THAT BRONZE IS MOLTEN... IT'S RED HOT!!


GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF! AAAAH... IT BURNS!

I AM GOING TO WATCH IT HARDEN... I AM GOING TO WATCH YOU... SLOWLY BEING IMPRISONED IN A COFFIN OF BRONZE!

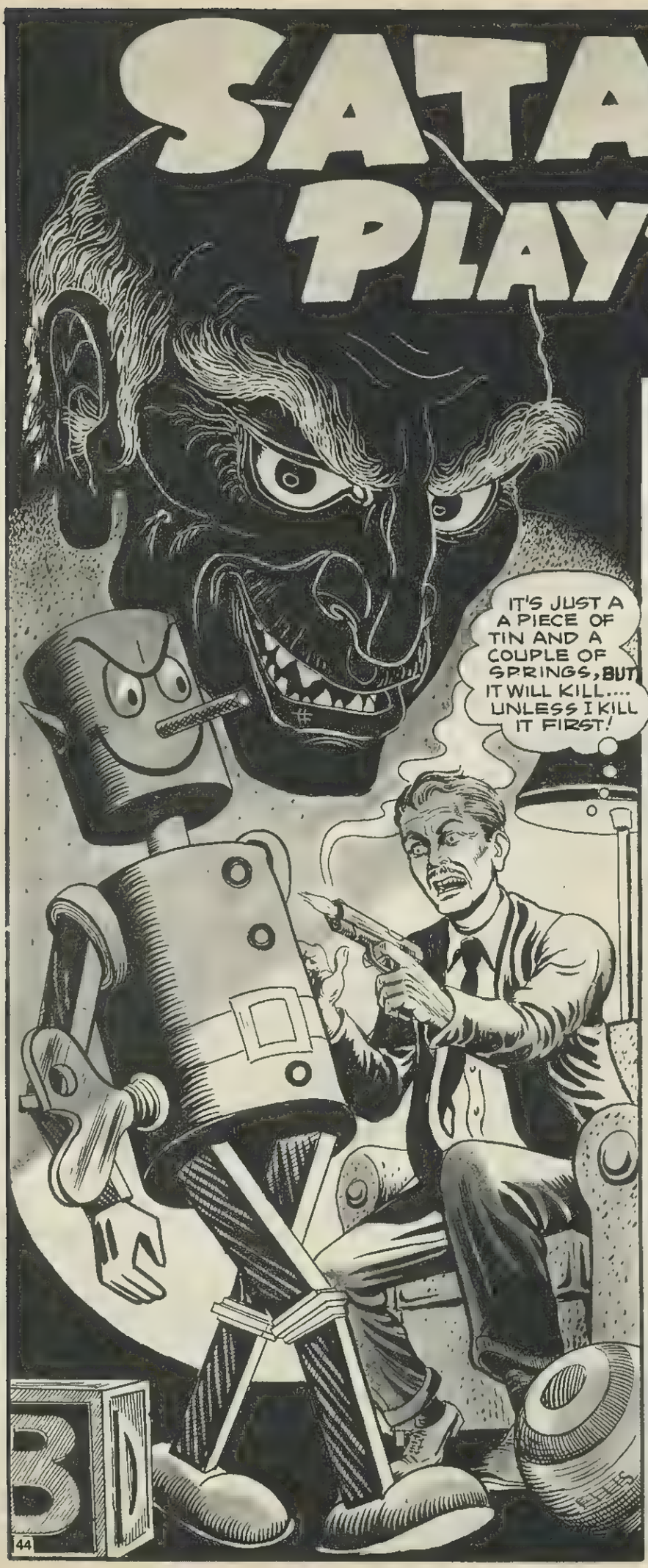
SOON...
COME, SISTER... THE BRONZE IS HARD! SOON HE WILL DIE... BUT I WISH HE'D LIVE FOREVER LIKE THAT!

ELENA'S BROTHER NEVER INFORMED THE POLICE, AND HAD CHAMBRE'S BRONZE STATUE DELIVERED TO THE ACADEMY!... SOME WEEKS LATER.
TOO BAD CHAMBRE'S DISAPPEARED AFTER DOING SUCH BRILLIANT WORK!

YES, CHAMBRE FINALLY WON THE GRAND PRIZE... AND HIS "MASTERPIECE" WAS PERMANENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE SALON...
HE FINALLY CAUGHT THE RIGHT EXPRESSION OF REALISTIC HORROR AT A MOMENT OF SUPREME AGONY! I WONDER... WHERE IS HE NOW?

THE END

SATAN'S PLAYTHING

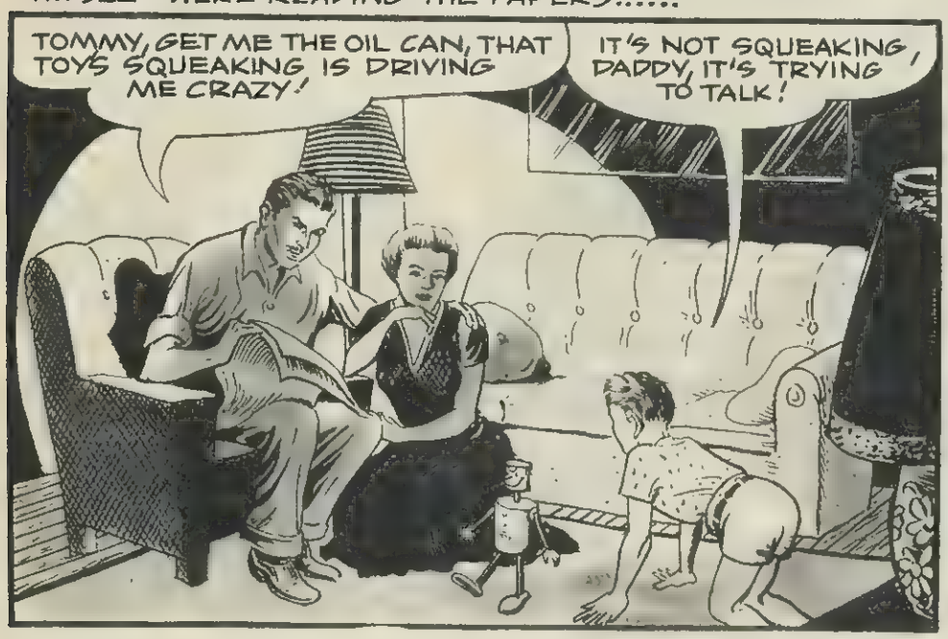


THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FIRST ACT OF OUR STORY AS NED CHAMBERS AND HIS SON TOMMY, ARE OUT FOR A WALK. LET NED TELL THE STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS: "IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, THE WORLD SEEMED FILLED WITH GOOD, UNTIL WE ROUNDED THE CORNER AND SAW THE LITTLE OLD MAN".....

I GAVE THE ANSWER AUTOMATICALLY.. ...IT WAS THE REAL REASON..... INSTINCTIVELY I RECOILED FROM THE PEDDLER AND HIS WARES..... AS ONE WOULD FROM A SNAKE..., OR SATAN!.....

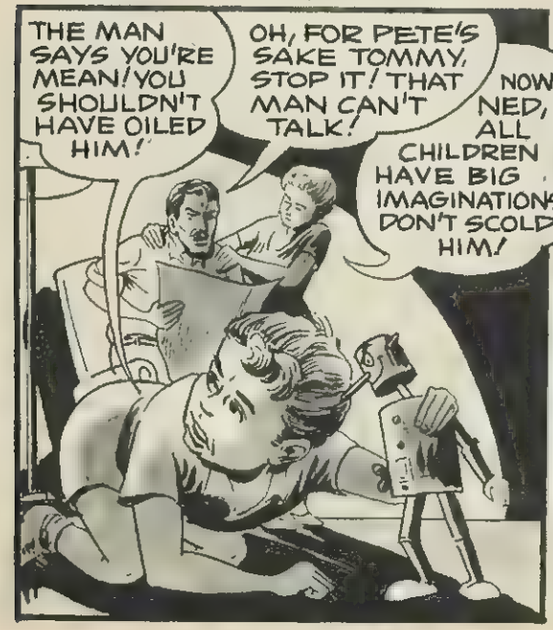
AS WE WALKED HOME TOMMY TALKED TO THE TOY MAN AND I HAD AN EERIE, UPSETTING FEELING THAT IT LISTENED TO HIM.....

THEN AFTER WE GOT HOME, AND LEILA, TOMMY'S MOTHER, AND MYSELF WERE READING THE PAPERS.....



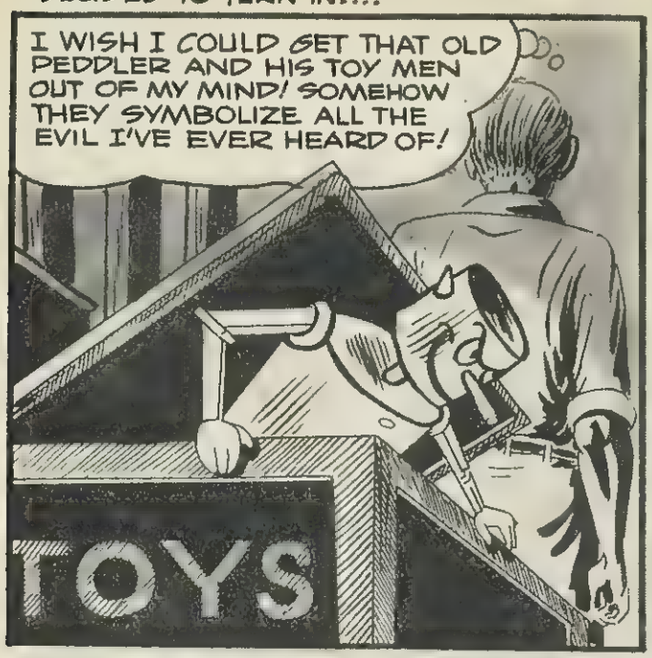
I BRUSHED TOMMY'S WORDS ASIDE, EVEN THOUGH SOME SIXTH SENSE TOLD ME THEY WERE MORE THAN CHILDISH PRATTLE.....

AFTER I HANDED THE MAN BACK TO TOMMY.....



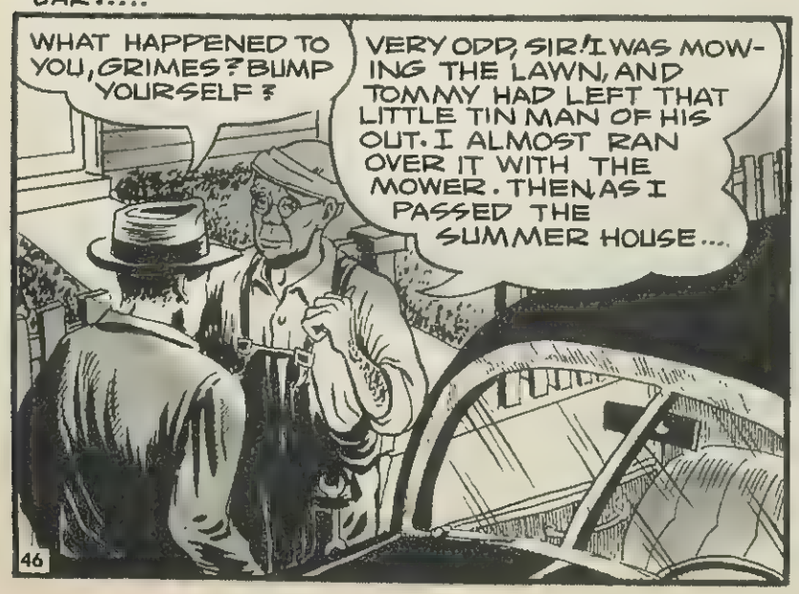
AFTER TOMMY AND LEILA WENT UPSTAIRS, I GOT THE MAN AND TOOK IT OVER TO HIS TOY CHEST IN THE HALL.....

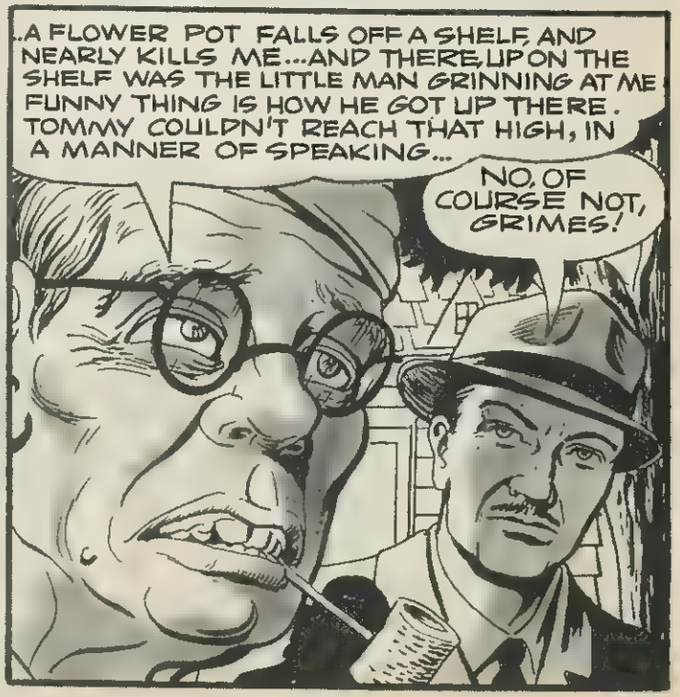
SEVERAL HOURS LATER WHEN I FINALLY DECIDED TO TURN IN....

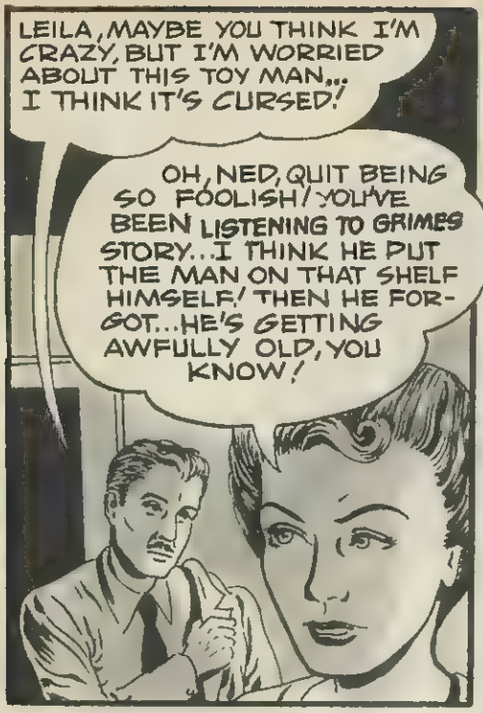


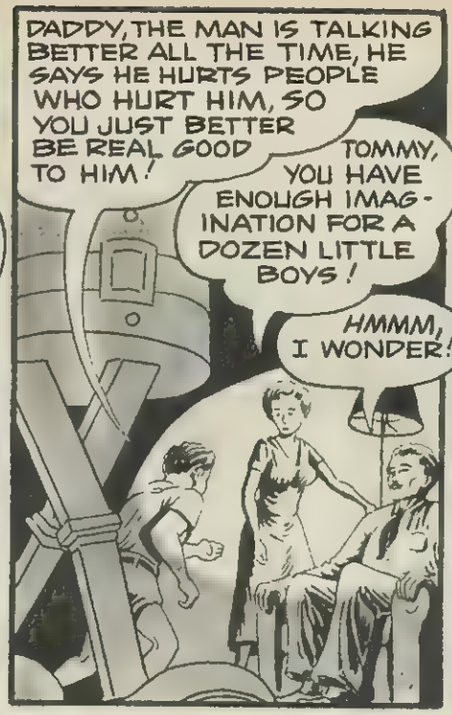
I FELT FOOLISH. HOW COULD I EXPLAIN MY ACTIONS TO LEILA. I DIDN'T TRY. I WAS TOO CONFUSED...AND WORRIED.....

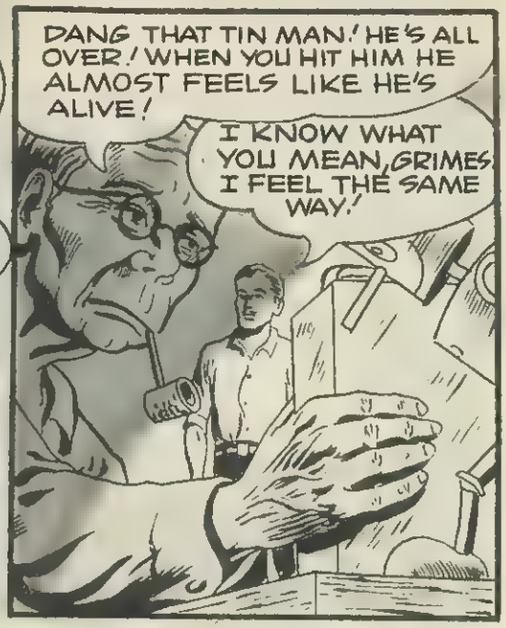
BY THE TIME I GOT HOME FROM THE OFFICE THE NEXT NIGHT, I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE LEERING MECHANICAL MAN. THEN, AS I GOT OUT OF THE CAR.....

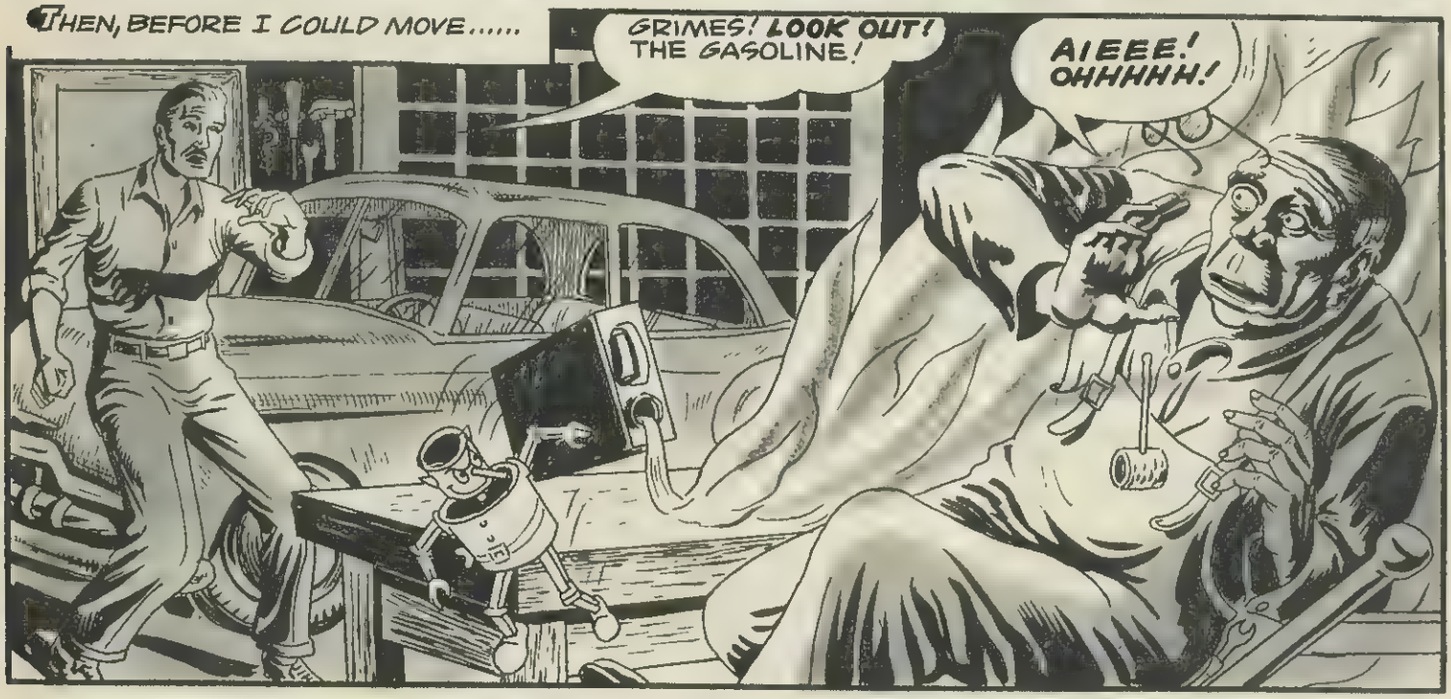




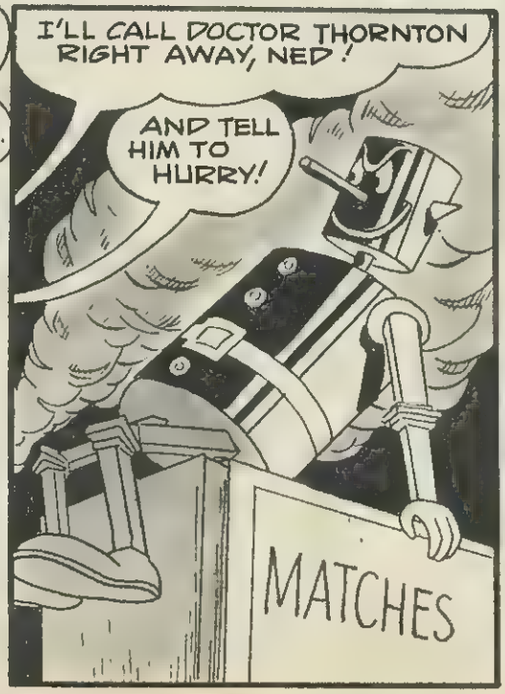

LEILA, MAYBE YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THIS TOY MAN... I THINK IT'S CURSED!
OH, NED, QUIT BEING SO FOOLISH! YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO GRIMES STORY... I THINK HE PUT THE MAN ON THAT SHELF HIMSELF! THEN HE FORGOT... HE'S GETTING AWFULLY OLD, YOU KNOW!


DADDY, THE MAN IS TALKING BETTER ALL THE TIME, HE SAYS HE HURTS PEOPLE WHO HURT HIM, SO YOU JUST BETTER BE REAL GOOD TO HIM!
TOMMY, YOU HAVE ENOUGH IMAGINATION FOR A DOZEN LITTLE BOYS!
HMMM, I WONDER!

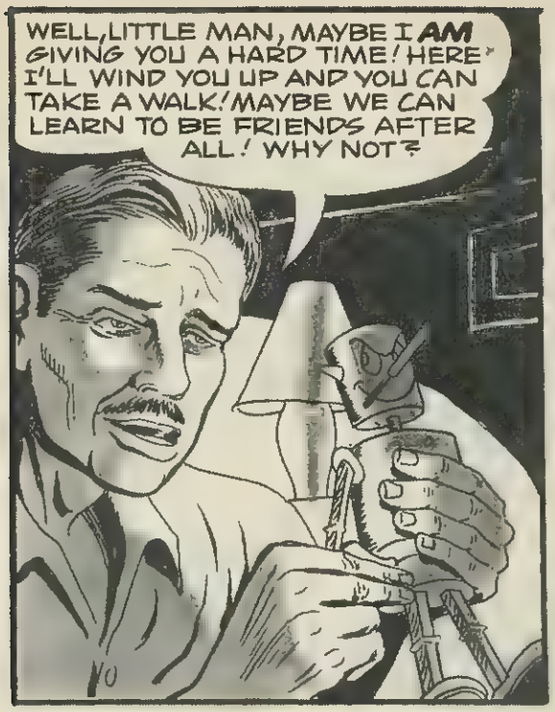

THE NEXT DAY WAS SATURDAY, AND I WAS HELPING OLD GRIMES CLEAN UP THE GARAGE, WHEN, SUDDENLY....
DANG THAT TIN MAN! HE'S ALL OVER! WHEN YOU HIT HIM HE ALMOST FEELS LIKE HE'S ALIVE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, GRIMES I FEEL THE SAME WAY!

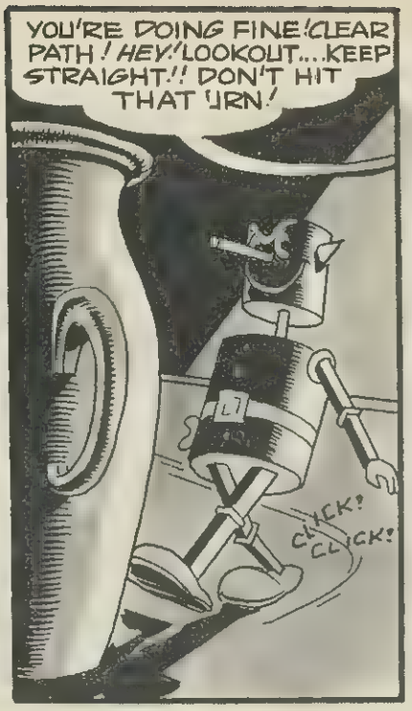

THEN, BEFORE I COULD MOVE.....
GRIMES! LOOK OUT! THE GASOLINE!
AIEEE! OHHHHH!

LUCKY THAT EXTINGUISHER WAS SO CLOSE! BUT I'M AFRAID I WAS TOO LATE, EVEN AT THAT!
OHHHH....I..I..

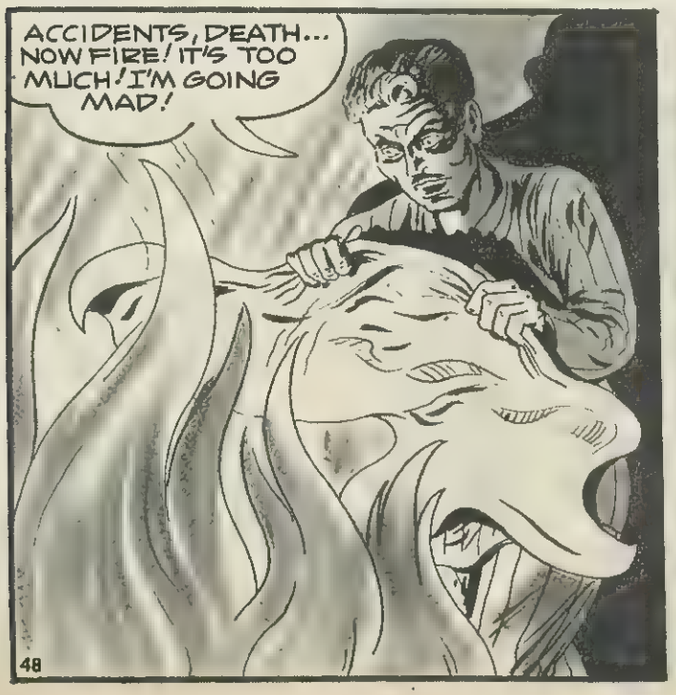

I'LL CALL DOCTOR THORNTON RIGHT AWAY, NED!
AND TELL HIM TO HURRY!
MATCHES

GRIMES DIDN'T PULL THROUGH. IN FACT, HE WAS DEAD WITHIN FOUR HOURS... THAT NIGHT, I SAT UP LONG HOURS.....
IT COULD BE I'M OVERTIRED, OR NERVOUS. IT COULD BE MY IMAGINATION! BUT I DON'T THINK SO!





I HAD HAD ENOUGH. SHAKILY, I PUT IT IN THE TOY CHEST, MADE SURE THE CATCH WAS SECURELY FASTENED, BUT, JUST AFTER DAWN THE NEXT MORNING.....



THAT WHOLE DAY WAS A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE TO ME. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. IT WAS SILLY, I KNEW, TO EXPECT ANYONE TO BELIEVE MY STORY. I KNEW IT WAS TRUE. THAT EVENING, AS I CAME IN THE FRONT DOOR.....

AS I APPROACHED THE BATTERED LITTLE TOY I WAS TERRIFIED BY THE SIGHT OF A DROP OF BLACK BLOOD, OOZING FROM ITS BODY.....

I LOCKED TOMMY AND LEILA'S DOOR, THAN LOCKED MYSELF IN THE OTHER GUEST ROOM, AFTER FIRST GETTING MY GUN.... I HAD HARDLY LAID DOWN WHEN....

SETTING MY SELF CAREFULLY, I LUNGED FOR THE EVIL LITTLE MONSTROSITY. I FELT ITS METAL BODY TOUCH MY FINGERS FOR A BRIEF INSTANT.....

AS LONG AS I LIVE, I'LL INSIST THE LITTLE MAN ACTUALLY SCREAMED OUT IN AGONY AS IT HIT THE FAN-BLADES.....

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

IMPORTED

LOCK BLADE STILETTO

- 9" Overall Length
- 5" When Closed
- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

ONLY $2.75

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept. 472ST87
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

"POWER AUTOMATIC" Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 472PA87
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Not sold in NYC

SKIN HEAD WIG

Most people try to grow hair. This is just the opposite. Made of flesh toned latex to fit all heads, really changes your appearance. Just send $1.00 plus 15¢ for postage and handling.
HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472SW87 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

JACK POT BANK

ONLY $1.69

Fun Bank For The Family

Make saving fun with this coin operated Jack Pot Bank. It works just like a one armed bandit in Las Vegas. Deposit the coin, pull the handle, and watch the reels spin like the real thing. Fun for all and you can't lose because the coins are returnable. Not to be used for gambling purposes. Just enclose $1.69 plus 26c for postage and handling. If not thoroughly satisfied, return in ten days for refund of full purchase price.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. Dept. 472SW87
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK 11563

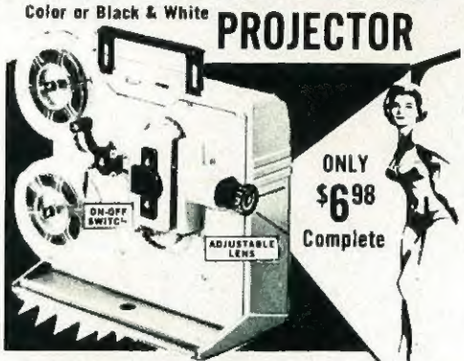
SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock Only You Can Open ONLY $1.00

The Secret Book Safe looks just like any book so no one would think to look for valuables in it. But even chance discovery leaves your possessions safe — securely locked by a combination only YOU know — because YOU yourself have set it. Simple instructions show you how. Tough under structure is covered with simulated leather binding to look just like a real book. Just send $1.00 plus 35c postage and handling for each book safe you want. Money back if you are not satisfied.
HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472BS87 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

Color or Black & White



ONLY $6.98 Complete

FREE: NEW THRILLING SENSATION

Add 3-D Stereo effect with "Miracle Specs" which makes people look so full and real you can reach out and touch them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are $2.98 each.

FEATURES:

- Sturdy Construction
- Complete with Screen
- Projects color or black and white
- Speed Control for fast or slow motion
- Guaranteed

HAVE ALL THE FUN OF PRIVATE MOVIES NOW AT THIS LOW PRICE

Precision engineered and compact. Completely portable in its own case. Needs no electric outlet since it is battery operated. So simple and safe to use even a child can operate it. Its double lens focusing is sure and easy for bright, clear pictures.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL—Money back guarantee on 10 day free trial. Don't delay—send $6.98 plus 75c for postage and handling or send $1.00 good will deposit and pay postman balance on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Add $2.98 for each pair of additional "Miracle Specs."

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP., DEPT. 472NP87
Lynbrook, New York 11563
N. Y. State Residents add applicable Sales Tax.

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING "STINGER AUTOMATIC"

1.00

50 22 CAL. PELLETS FREE
Looks and Feels Like Real Pocket Automatic — Loads 15 Shots

Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action combat-type practice. 50 re-usable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling to Honor House Dept. 472RA87
Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563 Not sold in NY City.

MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY $1.00

Imagine your friends shock when they see the "MONSTER" reaching out—sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472MR87
LYNBROOK, N. Y.
11563

WALTHER PPK 22 CAL. PELLET FIRING

only $1.25

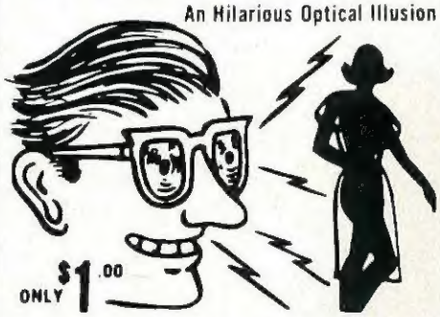
"STINGER AUTOMATIC" 50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic **5½ inches long — 4½ inches high.** Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.

HONOR HOUSE
Dept. 472PK87 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY $1.00

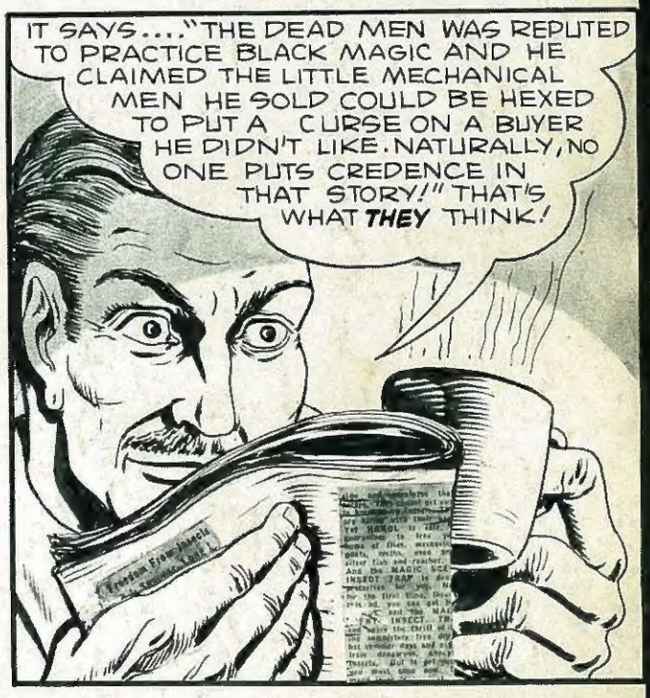
Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. Send only $1 plus 25¢ shipping charges Money Back Guarantee

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP
Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. 472XR87

I PUSHED TOMMY AND HIS MOTHER OUT OF THE ROOM, AS THOUGH THERE WAS A CORPSE IN IT....

I WAS LIMP, WORN OUT, JITTERY, BUT NO LONGER AFRAID. THE CLAWING FRIGHT THAT HAD CLUTCHED AT ME EVER SINCE WE GOT THE TOY MAN WAS GONE.....

ALTHOUGH I WAS NO LONGER AFRAID, I HAD NIGHTMARES THAT NIGHT..... WONDERING HOW I EVER GOT MIXED UP IN THIS HORRIBLE MELEE. AS I OPENED MY PAPER THE NEXT MORNING.....



I HAD NEVER BEEN ONE TO BELIEVE IN THE OCCULT.... BUT I KNEW DIFFERENTLY NOW! I ALSO KNEW I HAD A TERRIBLY CLOSE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.....

HAVE **YOU** EVER HAD AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE UNKNOWN? IF YOU HAVE.... YOU CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH NED CHAMBERS!.....

The End